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APRIL
1943

Shadow

COMICS

10¢



The
Shadow
CHILLS

The
JAP
FIRE MONSTER



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SHADOW COMICS

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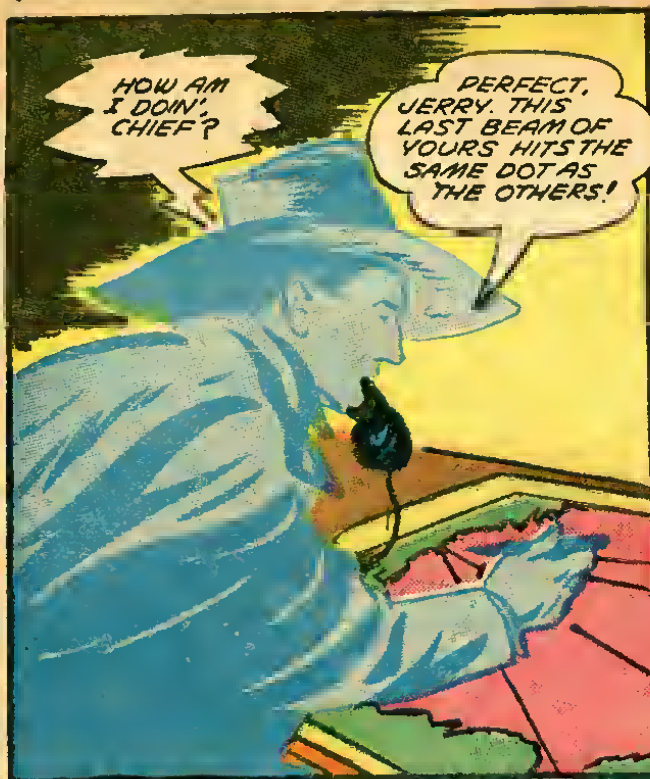
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79 SEVENTH AVENUE, N. Y.



HOW AM I DOIN', CHIEF?

PERFECT, JERRY. THIS LAST BEAM OF YOURS HITS THE SAME DOT AS THE OTHERS!



WELL, JERRY, I MUST ADMIT THAT THOSE TRIPS YOU'VE TAKEN WITH MR. CRANSTON HAVE DONE YOU GOOD!

THANKS, DOCTOR SAYRE. I WAS JUST PHONING HIM TO LEARN WHERE WE WERE GOING NEXT.



SILENCE!

I, GENERAL HOKO, AFFIRM THAT THESE SHINTO WIZARDS PROMISED TO UNLEASH DEVIL KYOTI THROUGH-OUT THE AMERICAS-

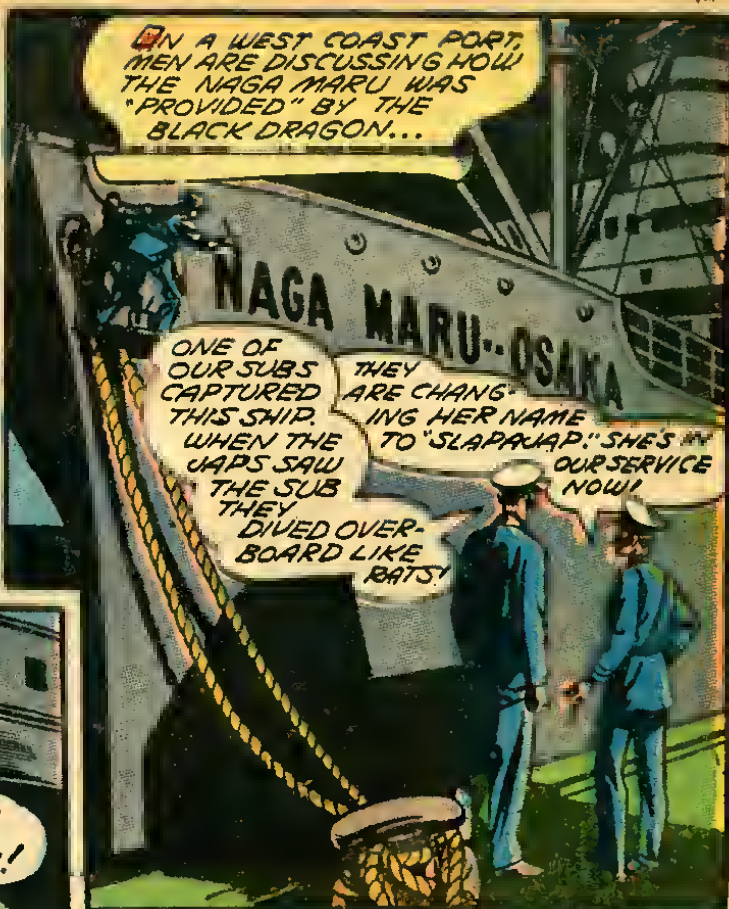
AND I, ADMIRAL DUNKO, DECLARE THAT THEY HAVE FAILED!

AS CHIEF WIZARD, I STATE THAT THE FAULT IS YOURS! YOU ARE NO LONGER PROVIDING AGENTS FOR DEVIL KYOTI!

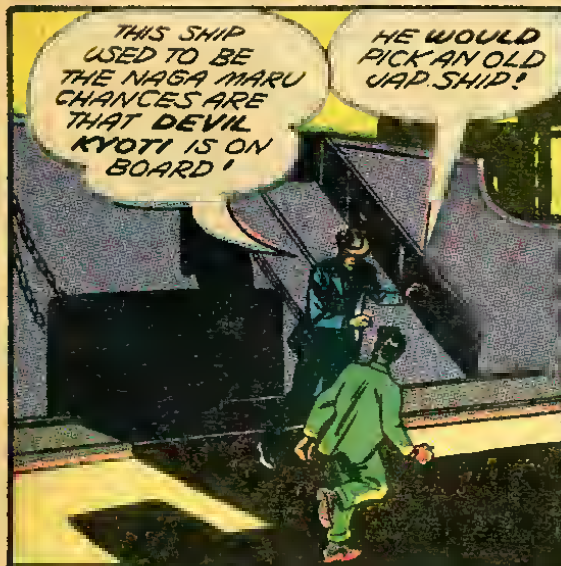
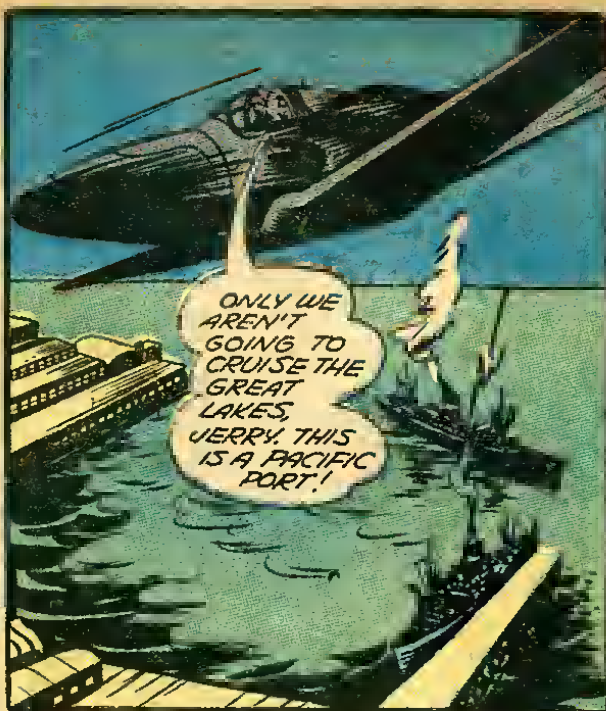
MEANWHILE... IN TOKYO... THE BLACK DRAGON, INSIDIOUS POWER BEHIND THE IMPERIAL THRONE, SETTLES A DISPUTE BETWEEN THE MILITARY LEADERS AND THE SHINTO WIZARDS....

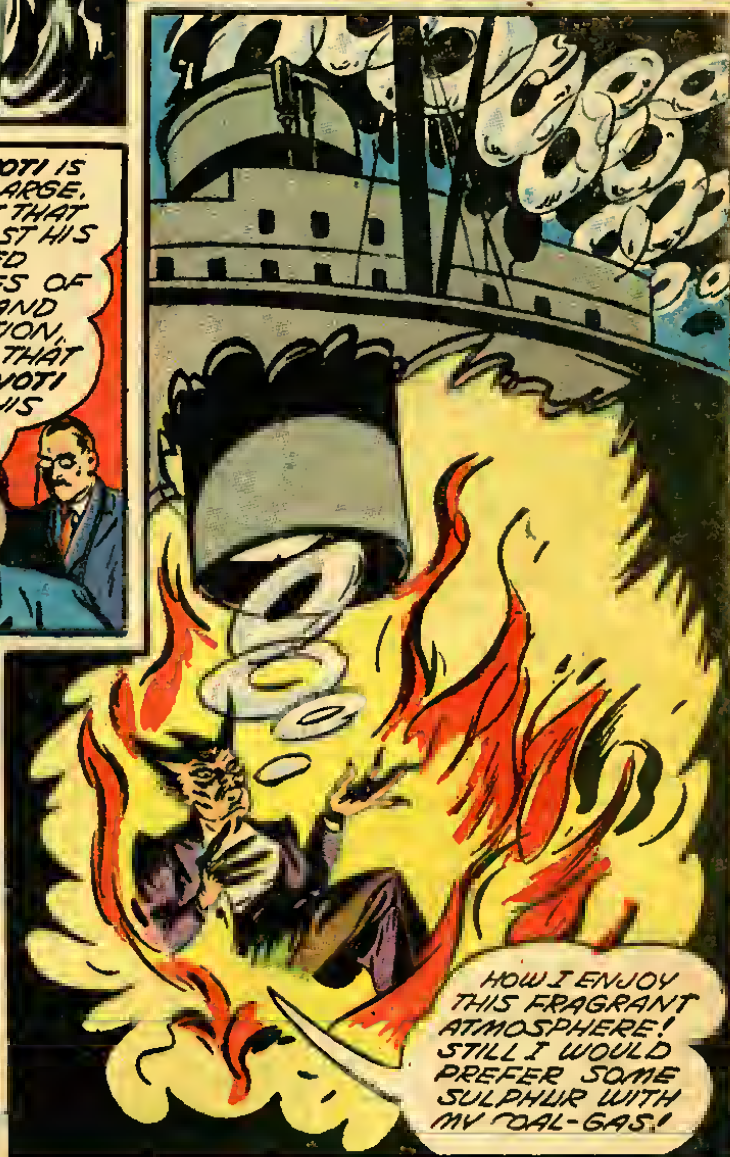
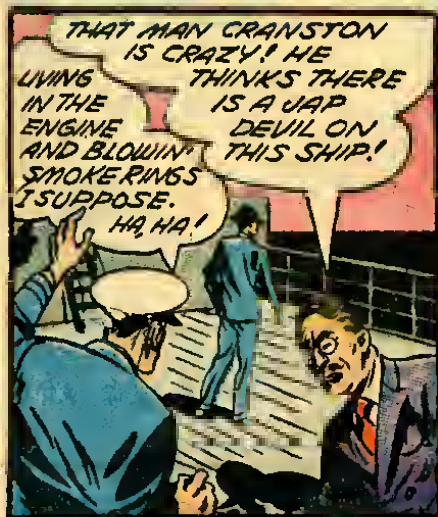
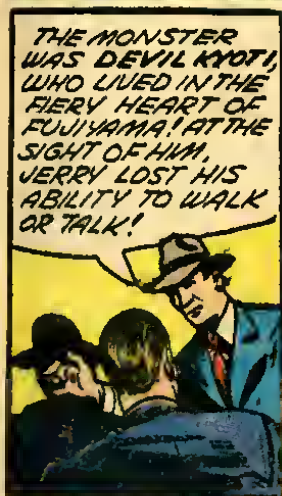
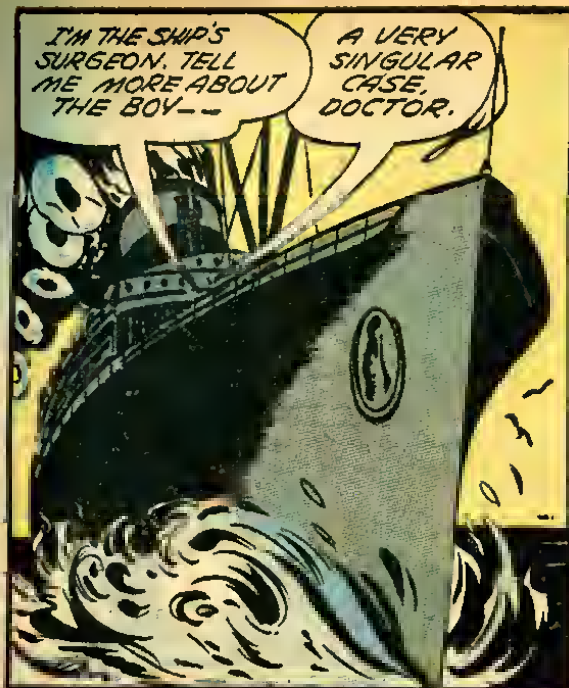
I, THE BLACK DRAGON, PLACE FULL BLAME UPON A CREATURE CALLED THE SHADOW, WHO HAS DESTROYED ALL AGENTS AVAILABLE IN AMERICA. THEREFORE----

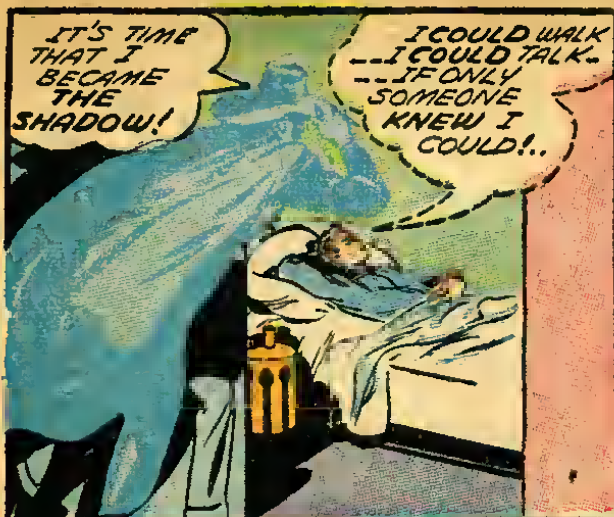




RIDING WESTWARD BY PLANE, LAMONT CRANSTON AND JERRY CRAIG DISCUSS THEIR FURTHER JOURNEY....







VLADIVOSTOCK, GREAT PORT OF SIBERIA, WHERE PRICELESS RAW MATERIALS ARE BEING UNLOADED FROM THE STEAMSHIP SLAPPAJAP AFTER ITS SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE ACROSS THE PACIFIC OCEAN!



SO THIS IS VLADIVOSTOCK! AND THE SHIP IS ALMOST UNLOADED!

THAT MEANS IT'S TIME FOR US TO ROUND UP DEVIL KYOTI. NOW THAT HE CAN DO NO DAMAGE.



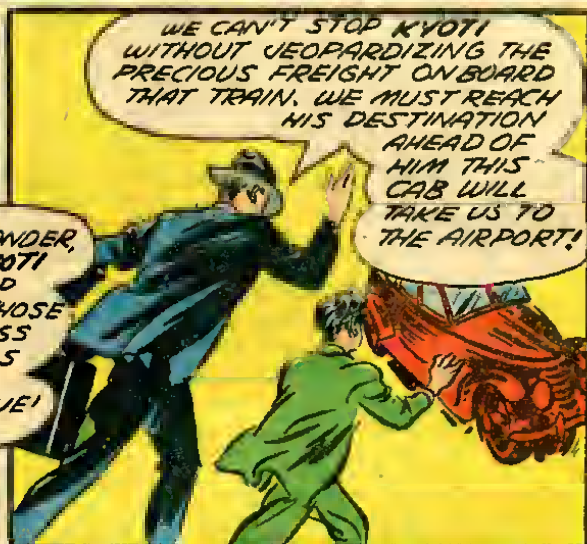
THE LAST SMOKE-RING! THAT MEANS KYOTI HAS GONE!

HELLO, JERRY! I'M GLAD YOU'RE BETTER. YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE LAST SMOKE-RING COMING FROM OUR FUNNEL!

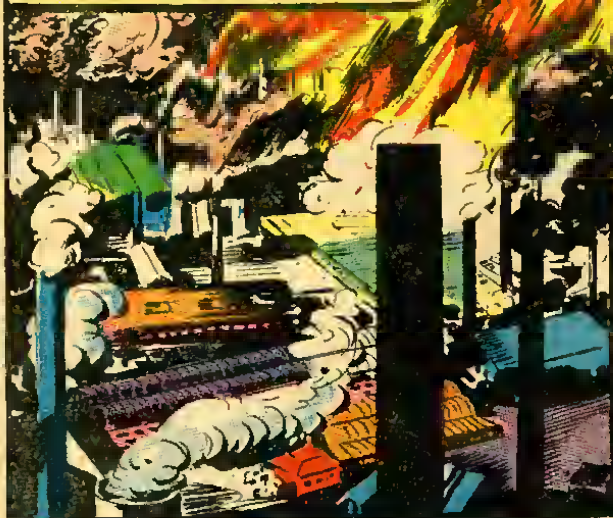
HELLO, DOCTOR!

SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT THE SHADOW AND THAT HORRIBLE BOY WERE ON THAT SHIP! IT'S TIME I WAS OFF!

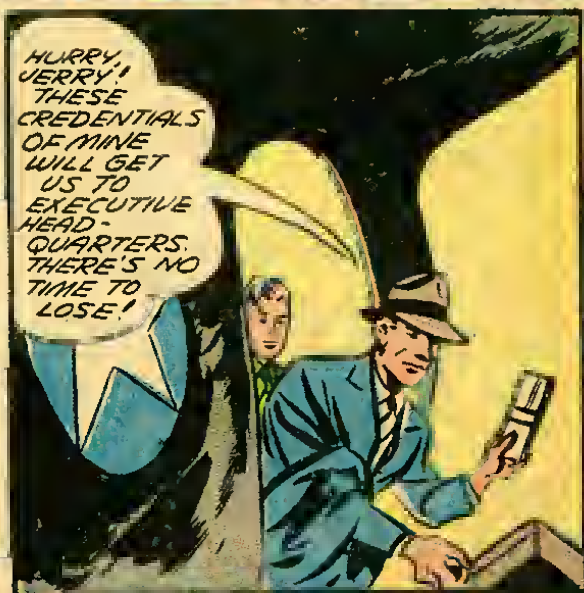




VICTORY CITY!! AN INTERNATIONAL
ACHIEVEMENT... ON THE BORDER
OF RUSSIA AND CHINA, THIS
GREAT INDUSTRIAL TOWN HAS
SPRUNG UP IN RECORD TIME..
FED BY RAW MATERIALS FROM
EACH COUNTRY, IT TURNS OUT
FINISHED PRODUCTS FOR
BOTH... WITH OTHER UNITED
NATIONS SUPPLYING
TECHNICIANS AND SPECIAL
MATERIALS TO AID THE
MUTUAL WAR EFFORT !!



HURRY,
JERRY!
THESE
CREDENTIALS
OF MINE
WILL GET
US TO
EXECUTIVE
HEAD-
QUARTERS.
THERE'S NO
TIME TO
LOSE!



LOOK, CHIEF--JAPAGENTS
ATTACKING ALREADY!

DEVIL KYOTI
CAN'T BE HERE
YET! STAY IN THE
CAR, JERRY! I'LL
PITCH INTO
THIS AS...
THE
SHADOW!





LIKE A LIVING HURRICANE, THE SHADOW SCATTERS JAP AGENTS WHO ARE TRYING TO BOMB THE VITAL CONTROL CENTER...

LOOK AT THE CHIEF RUIN THEM! NO WONDER! THEY CAN'T SEE HIM--- EVEN IF I CAN!

CONTROL CENTER

CONTROL CENTER

DRIVEN FROM THE CONTROL CENTER, THE FLEEING JAPS ARE TRAPPED IN THE REFRIGERATING PLANT, WHERE THEY COMMIT HARI-KARI BY FLINGING THEIR BOMBS!

REFRIGERATING PLANT

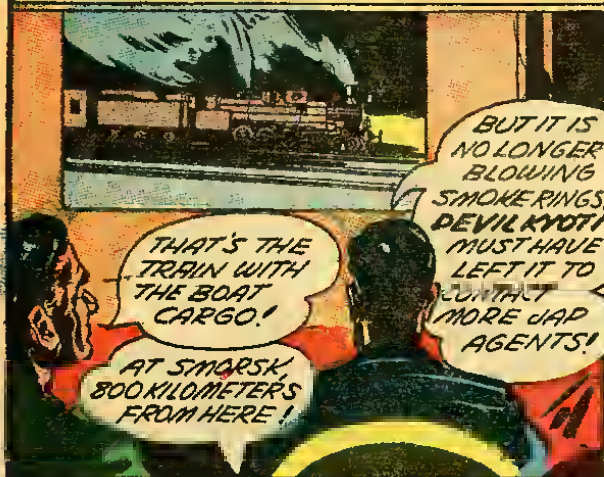
BOOM! BOOM!

TOO BAD CHIEF... BUT IT'S ONLY THE REFRIGERATING PLANT!

THAT ONLY MAY BE TOO MUCH, CONSIDERING THAT KYOTI'S ONE DREAD IS ICE!!



CRANSTON'S NEXT STEP IS TO LOCATE THE FAST FREIGHT TRAIN. THIS IS DONE BY AN IMPROVED TELEVISION SET....



DEVIL KYOTI CANNOT ARRIVE BY AIR. ALL LANDING FIELDS ARE GUARDED!

WE HAVE GIVEN ORDERS TO SHOOT DOWN ANY STRANGE PLANES!

YOU HAVE AT LEAST 12 HOURS. I'M SURE THAT'S SUFFICIENT, CRANSTON!



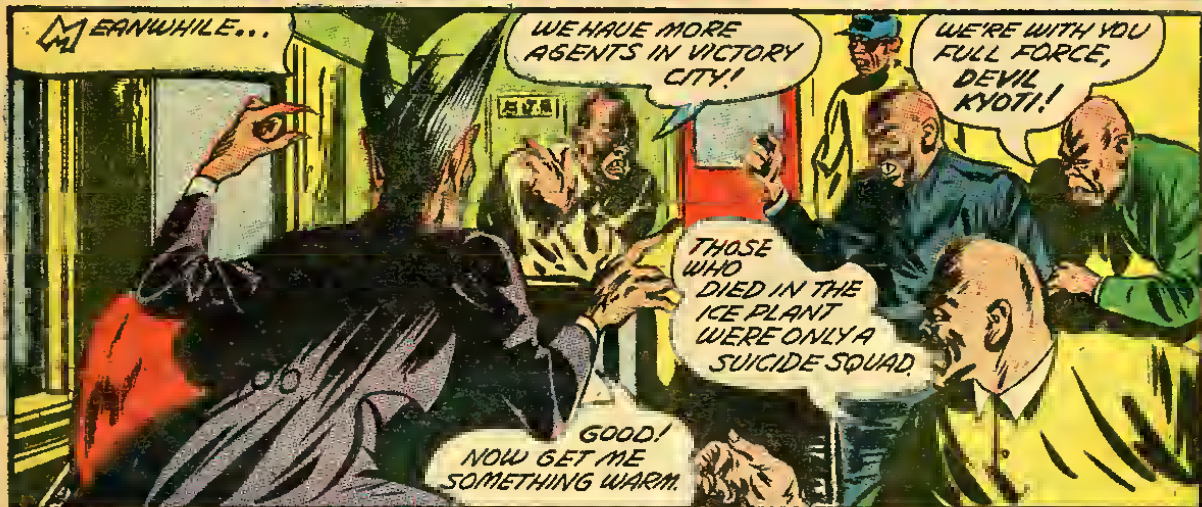
MEANWHILE...

WE HAVE MORE AGENTS IN VICTORY CITY!

WE'RE WITH YOU FULL FORCE, DEVIL KYOTI!

THOSE WHO DIED IN THE ICE PLANT WERE ONLY A SUICIDE SQUAD.

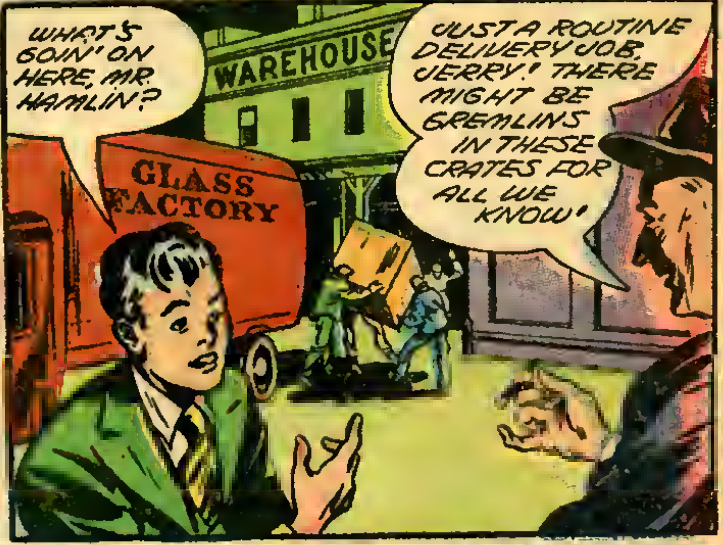
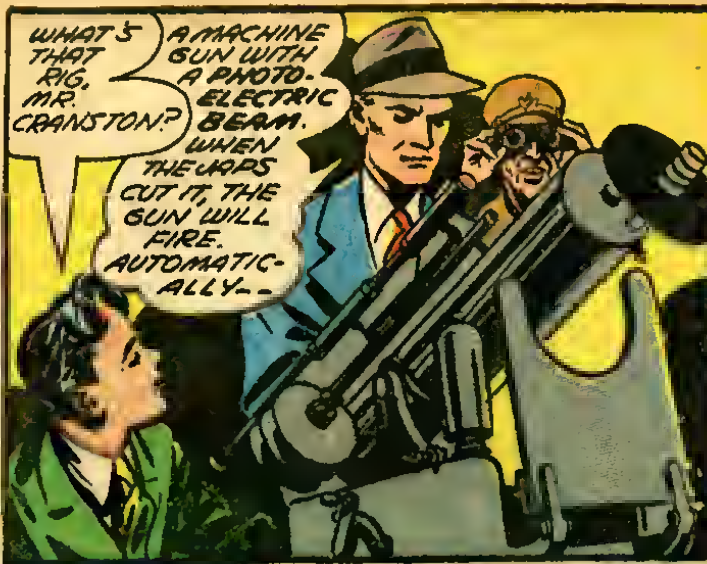
GOOD! NOW GET ME SOMETHING WARM.



HERE YOU ARE, O DEVIL! TWO DOZEN HOT WATER BAGS!

HOT WATER BAGS? BAN! I PREFER BRIMSTONE!



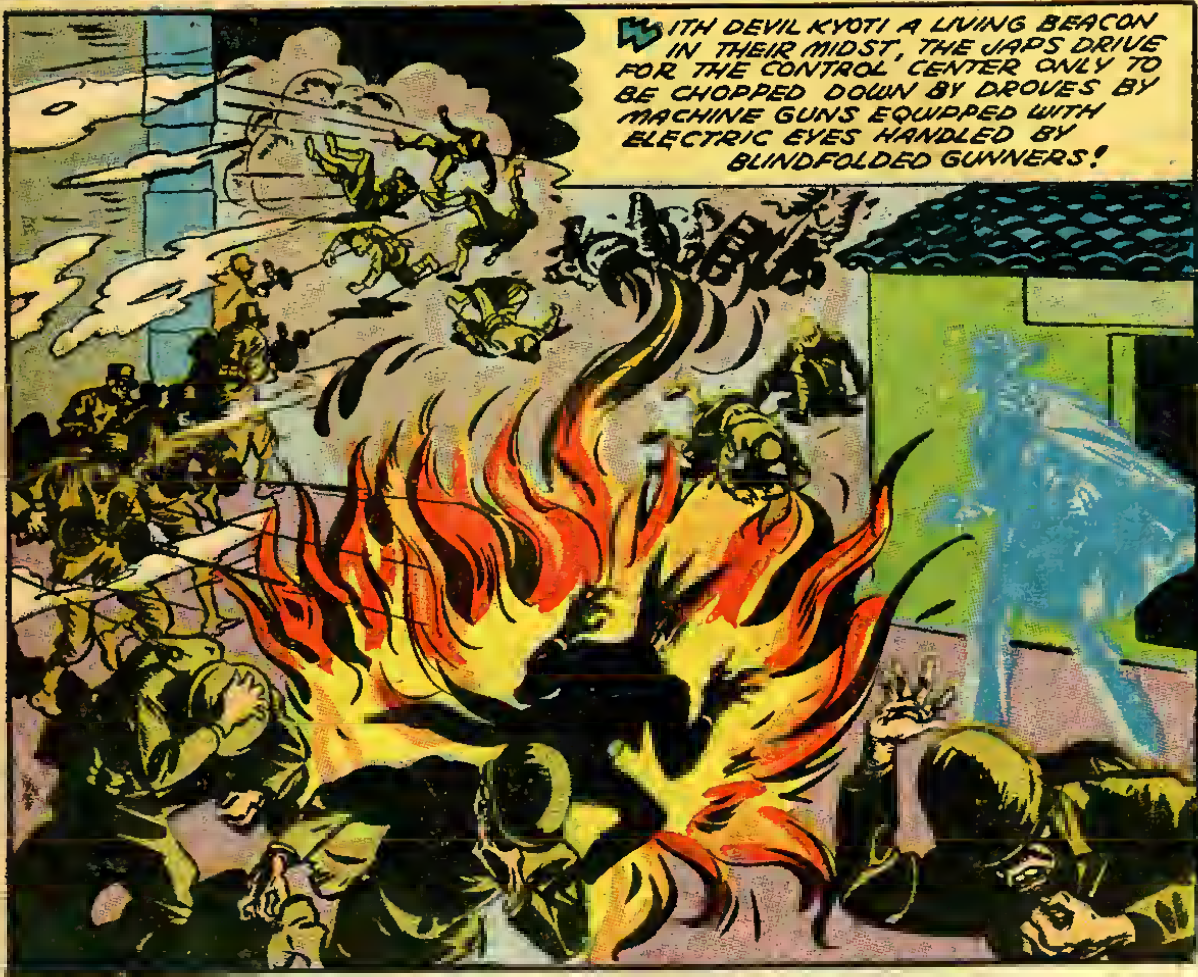


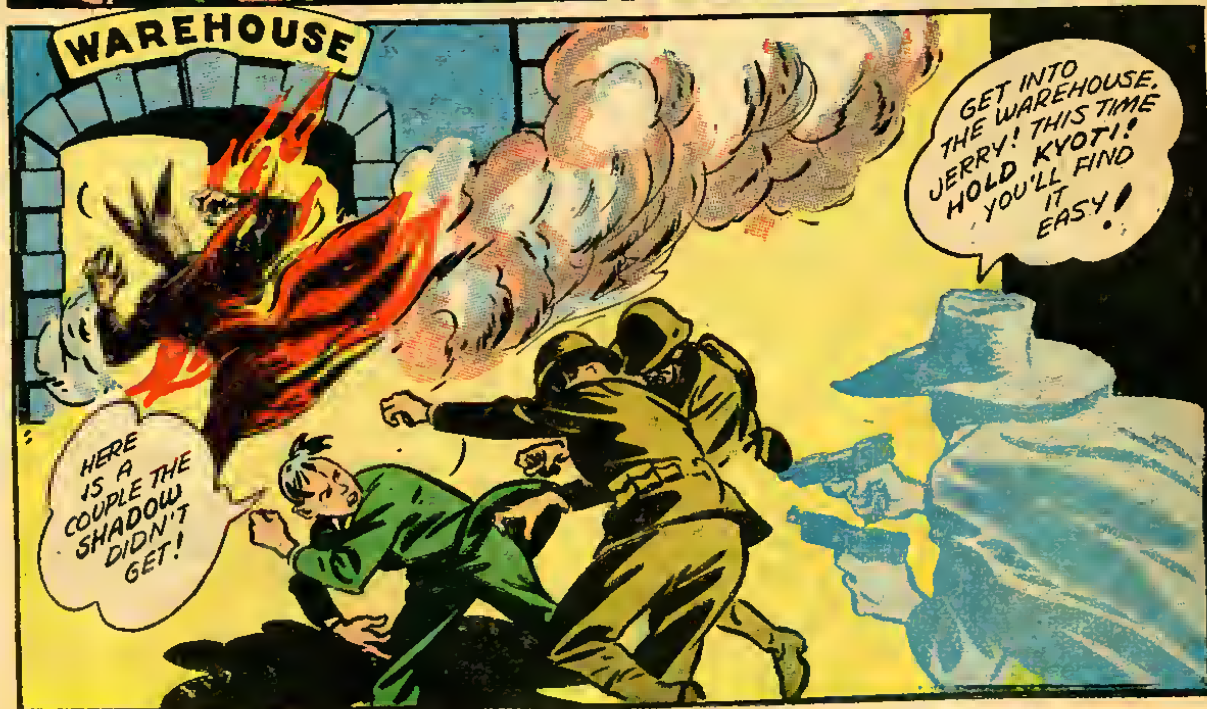
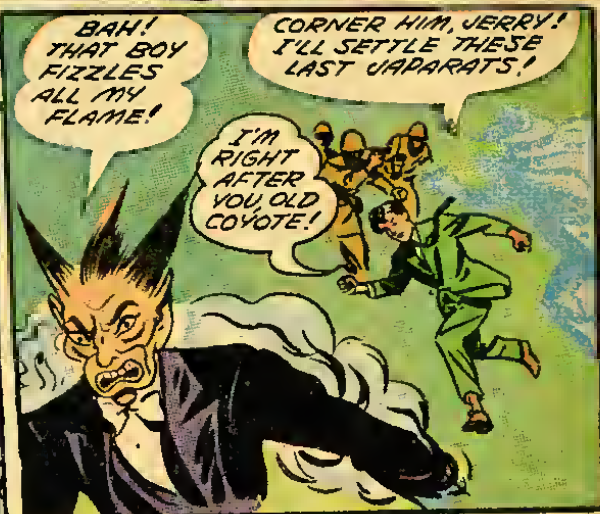
THE ZERO HOUR STRIKES!
INFILTRATING JAP AGENTS
BY THE HUNDREDS SPRING UP
WITHIN THE HEART OF
VICTORY CITY!!!

CONTROL
CENTER



WITH DEVIL KYOTI A LIVING BEACON
IN THEIR MIDST, THE JAPS DRIVE
FOR THE CONTROL CENTER ONLY TO
BE CHOPPED DOWN BY DROVES BY
MACHINE GUNS EQUIPPED WITH
ELECTRIC BLINDFOLDS HANDLED BY
BLINDFOLDED GUNNERS!







ROUSED TO SUPERDEMON FURY, DEVIL KYOTI REGAINS HIS FLAMING POWER DESPITE THE SURROUNDING ICE, AND TURNS HIMSELF INTO A VOLCANIC ERUPTION THAT ACTUALLY RAISES THE ROOF!!!



LIKE A HOMING METEOR, DEVIL KYOTI CHANGES DIRECTION AND LEAVES A FIERY TRAIL AS HE SPURTS HOMEWARD TO FUJIYAMA!!

BUT HOW COULD DEVIL KYOTI REGAIN HIS FLAME WITH ALL THE ICE AROUND HIM? WHY DIDN'T IT MELT?

IT ISN'T ICE AND IT CAN'T MELT. IT'S GLASS!

CAST IN MOLDS AT MY FACTORY AND DELIVERED WITHIN 12 HOURS TO FOOL DEVIL KYOTI!

YOU SAVED THE CONTROL CENTER!

OUR CONGRATULATIONS!

WHERE DO YOU GO NEXT?

TO JAPAN! TO STRIKE DEVIL KYOTI WHERE HE LIVES!

THE SHADOW KNOWS!

IN THE NEXT ISSUE THE SHADOW STRIKES AT DEVIL KYOTI IN JAPAN.

THE TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES MAN RALPH EDWARDS!

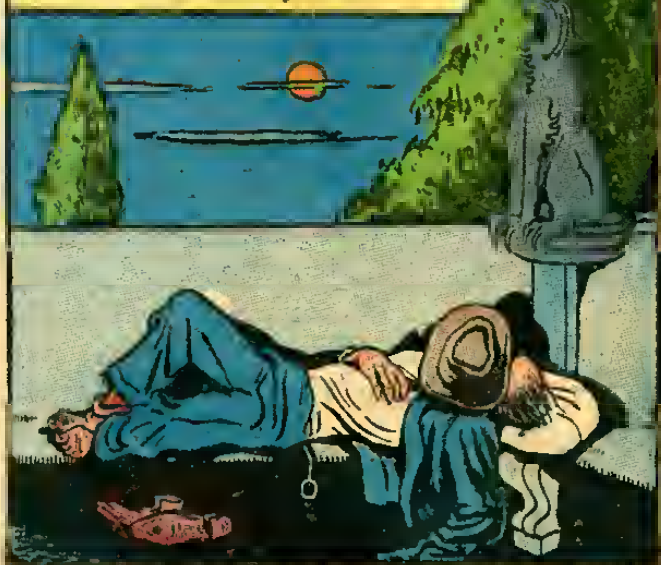


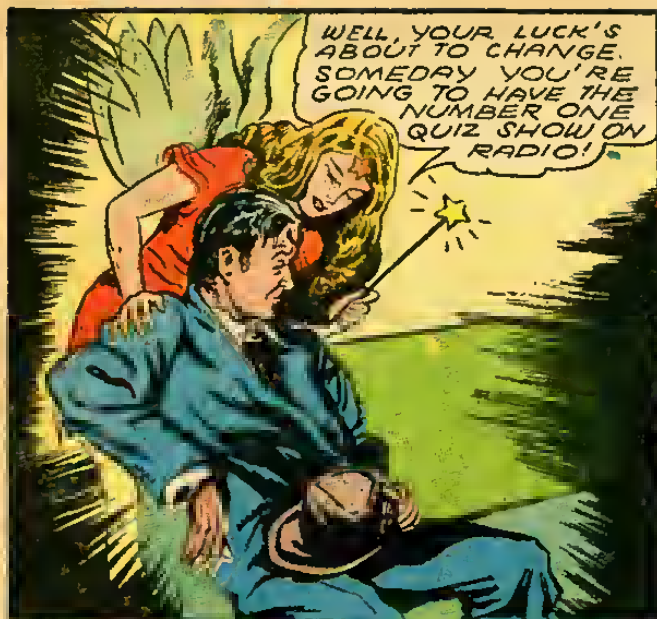
HERE'S THE TRUTH — ABOUT RALPH EDWARDS, POPULAR CREATOR AND MASTER OF CEREMONIES OF TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES — WHO IS A REAL "RAGS-TO-RICHES" HERO!

BUT BEFORE RALPH EDWARDS REALLY GOT HIS BREAK, HE WENT THROUGH THREE MONTHS OF THREAD-BARE EXISTENCE IN NEW YORK.

13

RALPH WAS BORN IN MERINO, COLORADO — ON FRIDAY THE 13TH OF JUNE, 1913, AT 13 MINUTES PAST 9 A.M. HE LEFT CALIFORNIA SOME YEARS LATER FOR NEW YORK ON JULY 13, AND SIGNS CONTRACTS IN 13 WEEK CYCLES. WHO SAID 13 WAS UNLUCKY???





ALPH, WHO HAD ONCE SPENT HIS LAST DIME IN AN AUTOMAT, LATER ANNOUNCED THE HORN & HARDART CHILDREN'S HOUR.



HE CONCEIVED THE IDEA FOR TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES, BASED ON THE OLD PARLOR GAME.

OK EDWARDS, I'LL BUY YOUR IDEA... HEAVEN HELP ME!



RALPH ACTS AS M.C. ON THE SHOW, AS WELL AS WRITING, PRODUCING AND DIRECTING IT. HE ALSO TRIED IT AS A VAUDEVILLE ACT...AND IT WENT OVER WITH A BANG.

RALPH GETS SOME QUER FAN MAIL - MOSTLY FROM WOMEN.

Dear Mr. Edwards:
I love your program. Will you marry me?
Yours Truly,
Lizzy Platz

AND THIS IS HOW TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES BECAME A SUCCESS...



WHEN A CONTESTANT CAN'T GUESS THE "TRUTH" ABOUT A QUESTION... HE GETS THE "CONSEQUENCES". THIS GIRL HAD TO SING A LOVELY SOLO... WHILE A DOG HOWLED ACCOMPANIMENT.



MR. JAMES KELLY HAD TO PRETEND HE WAS AT THE DENTIST'S HAVING A TOOTH PULLED. MR. KELLY HAD TO RECITE A SAD TALE ALL THE WHILE LAUGHING HIS HEAD OFF.

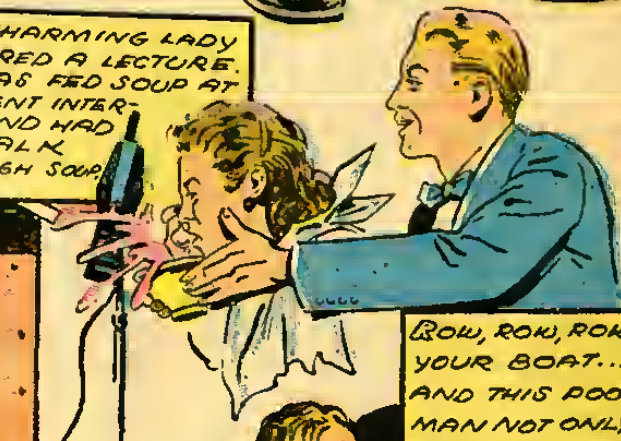
THIS UNLUCKY CONTESTANT WAS TOLD HE HAD TO BITE A DOG. HE LEANED INSIDE THE KENNEL TO BITE THE FEROCIOUS HOUND AND WAS GREETED BY A MIDGET HOLDING AN EDIBLE HOT DOG.



THIS SAILOR HAD TO SAY "NO" REPEATEDLY TO THIS LOVELY GIRL WHO KEPT MAKING ADVANCES TO HIM.



THIS CHARMING LADY DELIVERED A LECTURE. SHE WAS FED SOUP AT FREQUENT INTERVALS AND HAD TO TALK THROUGH SOUP.



ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT... AND THIS POOR MAN NOT ONLY HAD TO WORK HARD AT THE OARS, BUT HE HAD TO SING A SONG ALL THE WHILE.

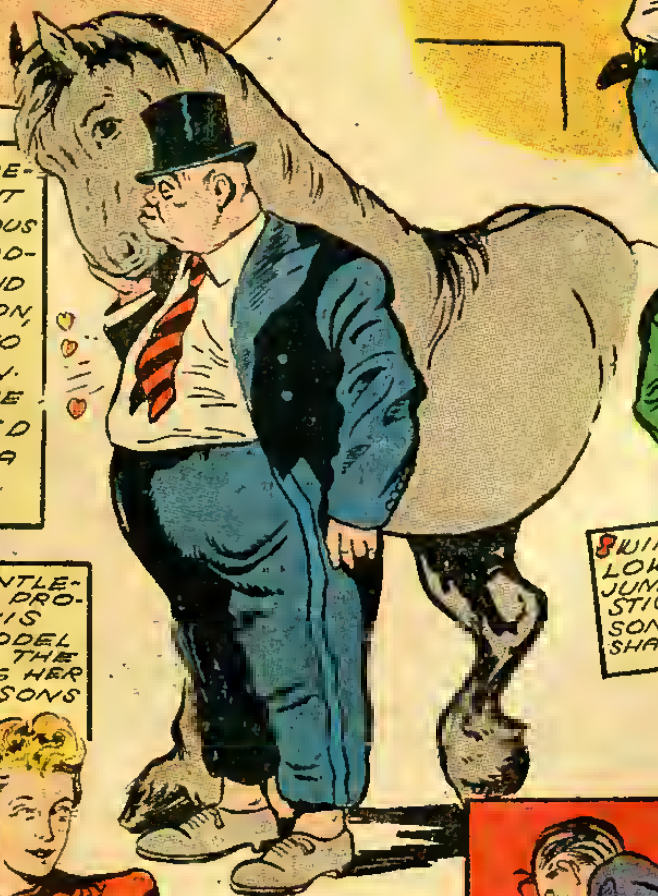


MR. JACK HERTZBERG HAD TO SING "CASEY AT THE BAT" ALL THE WHILE PUSHING A BASEBALL AROUND BY HIS NOSE IN SPORTSMAN'S PARK, ST. LOUIS.

THIS PLUMP CHAP DRESSED UP IN A BABY'S CAP HAD TO DRINK MILK FROM A BOTTLE THROUGH A NIPPLE, IMITATING A BABY AND SINGING A SONG.



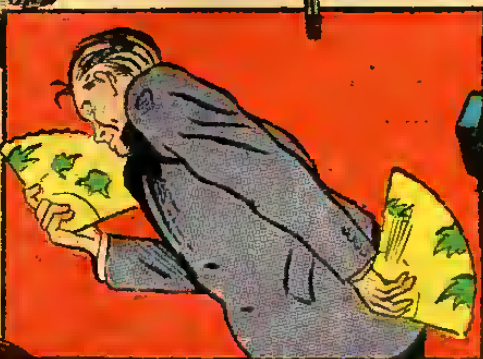
LAST, THIS HOPEFUL WAS SENT ON THE PREVIOUS WEEK'S BROADCAST TO GRAND CENTRAL STATION, SUPPOSEDLY TO KISS A LADY. ACTUALLY, THE LADY TURNED OUT TO BE A HORSE...



THIS LUCKY GENTLEMAN HAD TO PROPOSE TO THIS BEAUTIFUL MODEL SEATED ON THE DIVAN, GIVING HER ALL THE REASONS WHY SHE WOULD FIND HIM A SUITABLE MATE.



SWING HIGH, SWING LOW! THIS MAN JUMPED ON A POGO STICK, SINGING A SONG TO A RATHER SHAKY ACCOMPANIMENT.

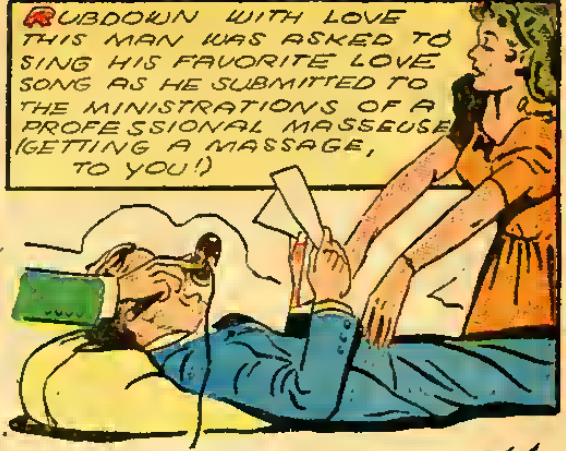


THIS CHAP WAS NEVER RAISED TO BE SALLY RAND...BUT NEVERTHELESS, HE HAD TO DO A FAN DANCE RIGHT IN FRONT OF A BIG AUDIENCE.

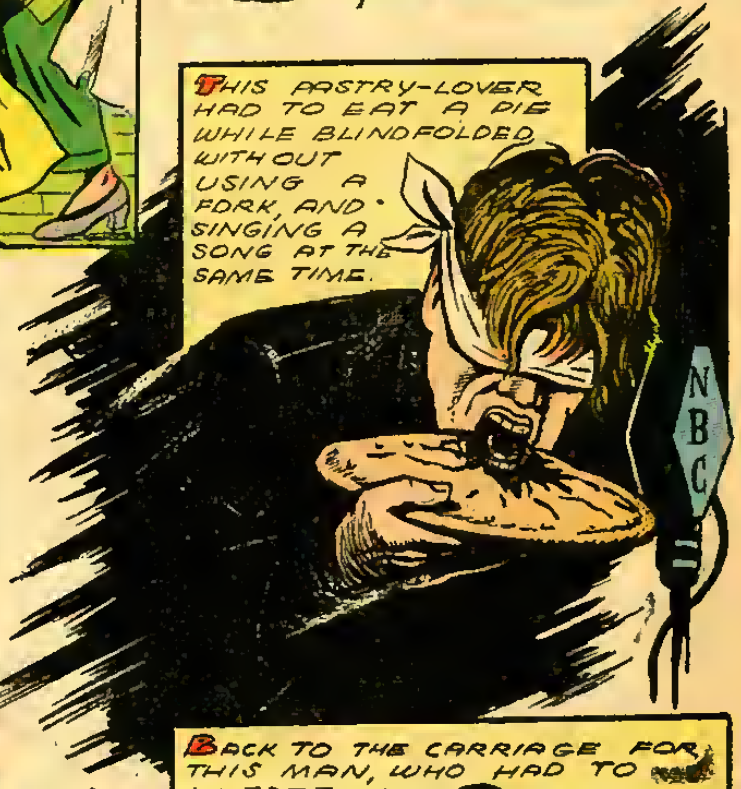
MEET MR GIBSON AND MR HARE, THEY HAD TO RUN A RACE, CARRYING A SUITCASE AND AN UMBRELLA THEN THEY HAD TO OPEN THEIR SUITCASES, PUT ON THE CONTENTS WHICH WERE WOMEN CLOTHES, AND RACE BACK AND UNDRESS!



RUBDOWN WITH LOVE THIS MAN WAS ASKED TO SING HIS FAVORITE LOVE SONG AS HE SUBMITTED TO THE MINISTRATIONS OF A PROFESSIONAL MASSEUSE (GETTING A MASSAGE, TO YOU!)



THIS PASTRY-LOVER HAD TO EAT A PIE WHILE BLINDFOLDED, WITHOUT USING A FORK, AND SINGING A SONG AT THE SAME TIME.



THESE PEOPLE
UNFAIR
TO
ORGANIZED
TURKEYS

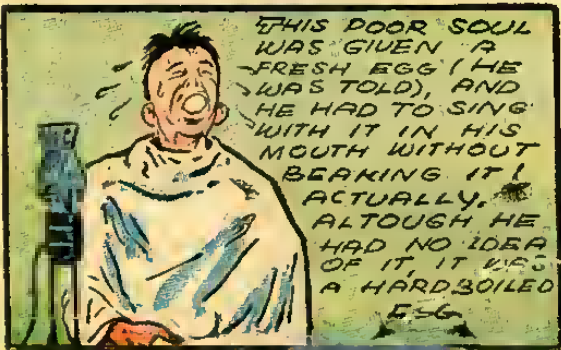


THIS LADY HAD TO CARRY A SIGN UP AND DOWN STAGE PICKETING THE AUDIENCE, WHILE RECITING A POEM ABOUT THE SAD FATE OF THE TURKEY

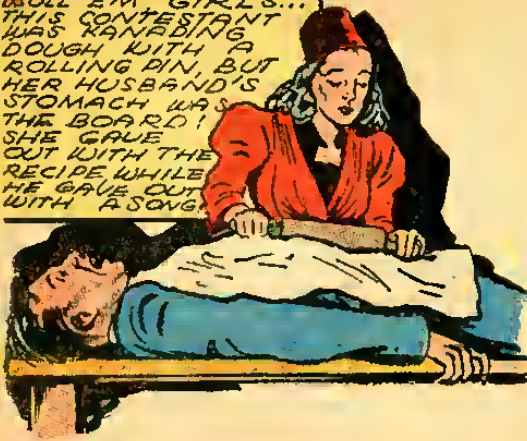
BACK TO THE CARRIAGE FOR THIS MAN, WHO HAD TO IMITATE A BABY, WITH DLENTY OF HELP FROM THE OTHERS!



THIS POOR SOUL WAS GIVEN A FRESH EGG (HE WAS TOLD), AND HE HAD TO SING WITH IT IN HIS MOUTH WITHOUT BEAKING IT! ACTUALLY, ALTHOUGH HE HAD NO IDEA OF IT, IT WAS A HARDBOILED EGG



ROLL 'EM, GIRLS... THIS CONTESTANT WAS KNEADING DOUGH WITH A ROLLING PIN, BUT HER HUSBAND'S STOMACH WAS THE BOARD! SHE GAVE OUT WITH THE RECIPE WHILE HE GAVE OUT WITH A SONG!



AH THERE BOYS! THEY HAD TO OPEN SACKS—AND THEN PUT ON ALL THE DAPPHERNALIA THE SACKS CONTAINED. THE FIRST ONE 'DRESSED' GOT A PRIZE.

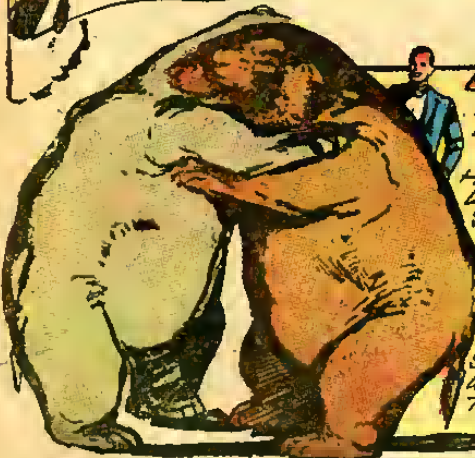


THIS WOMAN'S HUSBAND WAS DRESSED AS SANTA CLAUS, BUT SHE DIDN'T KNOW THAT AND HAD TO ASK HIM FOR FURS, JEWELRY. WHILE HE TRIED VERY HARD TO DISSUADE HER.



A WOMEN DESCRIBED ALL THE ACTIONS SHE WOULD GO THROUGH TO DUNK A DOUGH-NUT.

ACTUALLY A HUMAN DOUGHNUT WAS USED... ACCORDING TO THE LADY'S DIRECTIONS!



DRESSED LIKE A BEAR, HE THOUGHT HIS WIFE WAS DRESSED SIMILARLY... BUT IT TURNED OUT THAT WHEN HE FACED THE BEAR ON STAGE—IT WAS A REAL TRAINED BEAR!

YIFFNUFF

BUT THE BEST AND MOST FAMOUS STUNT OF ALL... IT STARTED WHEN ADS BEGAN TO APPEAR IN CONCERT CHANNELS THAT "YIFFNUFF" WAS GOING TO PLAY AT TOWN HALL.

WHO'S YIFFNUFF?

I THINK HE'S THAT
GREAT VIOLONIST...
AT ANY RATE,
EVERYONE
WILL BE
AT TOWN
HALL



YIFFNUFF

STANDING ROOM ONLY

MY DEAR,
I SIMPLY
CAN'T WAIT
TO HEAR
YIFFNUFF



AND YOU'VE
NEVER EVEN
HELD A VIOLIN
BEFORE?

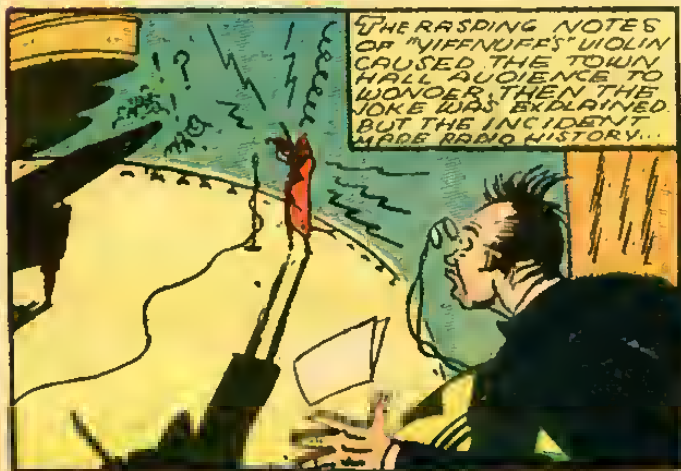
THAT'S RIGHT

AND IT WAS SHE, THE WIFE OF
A CHICKEN FARMER, WHO AP-
PEARED ON THE STAGE OF
TOWN HALL BEFORE AN AUDI-
ENCE OF 1000!



THE RASPING NOTES
OF "YIFFNUFF'S" VIOLIN
CAUSED THE TOWN
HALL AUDIENCE TO
WONDER, THEN THE
JOKE WAS EXPLAINED
BUT THE INCIDENT
MADE RADIO HISTORY...

EVERYBODY - DON'T FORGET
TO LISTEN IN EVERY SATUR-
DAY NIGHT OVER NBC
FOR TRUTH
OR
CONSEQUENCES
SPONSORED
BY
IVORY
SOAP!



AS IT IS WRITTEN

by Francis Chase, Jr.

Sheik Slayman Ben Ali was a wise and benevolent ruler of his desert people. And blessed with these heaven-sent qualities, he was not one to lightly dismiss the case of the soothsaying foreigner who called himself Jack Smith. Did not the man, Smith, foretell to the hour such heavenly occurrences as comets and eclipses, a feat unduplicated by wise men of the desert? And had he not cured the sheik's people of colds and fever with little white pellets brewed by a magic unknown to the desert? And, most important, had he not—with the thin, magic needle—brought back from the edge of a desert grave Ibrahim, the sheik's own son, after the bite of the deadly naja haje, blood brother to the asp, had brought him to the brink?

No, the case of Jack Smith was not one to be dismissed lightly. For any other man, guilty of the same offenses, Slayman Ben Ali would have decreed death without so much as a second thought. It is written eternally, ineradicably, that he who wanders into another's garden to pluck a rose must pay the wages of sin.

In reality, it was not so much a matter of possession. Sooner or later, the wise sheik knew, he must give up Tana, whom the one called Smith so eagerly sought. Marriage, like death, is a natural thing, and man must not stand in its way, no matter how difficult it might be to no longer have his favorite daughter at his side. But he would not see Tana married to an infidel. Thrice—and very gently out of a sense of loyal gratitude—he had hinted to the foreigner that his attentions to Tana were a source of great displeasure. The strange one had persisted, and now the desert monarch had reached the end of his endurance.

Still, one who could foresee the future was not one to be lightly condemned. It was no secret that this Smith could read—in the little black book which was always at his side and which bore the strange symbols, "A-L-

M-A-N-A-C"—impending events and strange occurrences in the very heavens, which only a true prophet might rightfully foresee. There was no other man, among all the sheik's people, who could decipher these strange symbols.

"Tell me more of the future—what it holds for thee and for me, my friend and benefactor," he bade the foreigner who had been summoned to his silken tent. "Tell me what you read in the little black book that is always at thy side."

The one called Smith studied the narrow, slanted eyes of the sheik, knowing that here was a test; behind the soft-spoken words of the Arab chieftain lay a veiled challenge. Was it about Tana? And he remembered stories he had heard in Tunis—how white men had been found, within a half league of this very oasis, buried to their necks in sand. A sweet sirup had been poured over their heads to attract the deadly black ants which, when the sirup was consumed, attacked the eyeballs and the soft white flesh of the neck. Smith shuddered in spite of himself as he drew the book from his pocket and pretended to read. The nimble wheels of his brain were whirling.

"I see, great and wise ruler of the desert, a long and prosperous reign for you here at El Golea. It is written that there shall be no man greater, no man more powerful, no man as wise as thee."

"And thee, my friend? What does it say of thee?"

Smith had lived by his wits for many a year, spurning the labor of the hand, the sweat of the brow; and from constant usage, his wits were as keen-edged as the blue Damascus blade which Slayman Ben Ali carried at his side. So now Smith spoke:

"It is further written that, on the hour that I meet with Him who created me and thee and the sands of the desert, thou, too, shall meet with thy Maker, upon that same hour. Thus

Continued on Page 38

ALL THIS
IN ONE
MARVELOUS
BOOK

17 COMPLETE
SECTIONS

How To Handle A ROPE



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are our destinies tied up, one with the other.

There was no movement, no fleeting sign in the wind-beaten face of the sheik to tell whether the prophecy had gone home to rest in his mind. And when Smith had returned at last to his own tent, he was still uncertain of its effect, uncertain of just what he had done to offend. Unless it was Tana. But a few days before, the sheik had spoken disparagingly of mixed marriage. Had that talk been intended as a warning? Of one thing he was certain: He would keep his date with Tana only long enough to tell her that they must not meet again, at least for a long, long time, if ever again.

When the white desert moon rode like a stallion over the oasis, Tana came to him in the palm grove. In the fewest possible words, Smith told her what had happened and that she must hurry back to her tent. When she had a good start, he, too, started back for his tent. From now on his conduct would be above suspicion. It was then, even as this good resolve was upon his lips, that he heard the short, hissing sound and the almost immediate impact of the naja haje against his unbooted thigh! The long fang was like a barb in the soft flesh. And for once his wits failed him. He knew a sudden, blinding panic, and when he had banished it at last it was too late. He was sick, nauseous, as the paralysis which follows the venom up through the bloodstream reached his stomach. He tried to get out the vial, the needle of antitoxin he carried in his pocket. He couldn't move his arm.

There was a slight movement, more than the wind, and Slayman Ben Ali stood above him.

"It . . . it is good . . . that you've come—" It was becoming increasingly difficult for him to talk. "Quick! Needle . . . in pocket. Stick in arm . . . squeeze—" He stopped. The blood, which had raced warmly through his veins, was like ice water as he watched the cold, expressionless face of the sheik.

"And why should I save the life of a dog who has robbed me of my most priceless possession? The reptile but saves me the trouble of putting an end to such a miserable existence."

Now the quick wit of the man was working again, automatically, almost by reaction. There was but one hope for him—the seeds of superstition he had sown in the sheik's breast.

"Remember, if I die, you, too, shall . . . die within the hour. It is . . . so written—" He

searched the brown, wind-swept face in the half light above him, and there was only the almost imperceptible flick of an eyelid to tell him that, perhaps, the implications of his prophecy were taking root there. Then suddenly Slayman Ben Ali was bending over him, baring his arm, feverishly seeking the vein. But before he could insert the needle he heard the hissing warning of the snake. Then the unholy fangs of the venomous naja haje, which he had neglected to kill, were embedded in the sheik's own flesh.

If Slayman Ben Ali thought at all of the man who lay writhing on the still-warm sands of the desert at that moment it was with a vengeful memory of the prophecy he had made a few short hours before and which now seemed close to fulfillment. Then, more practically, he remembered the needle he still held in his hand.

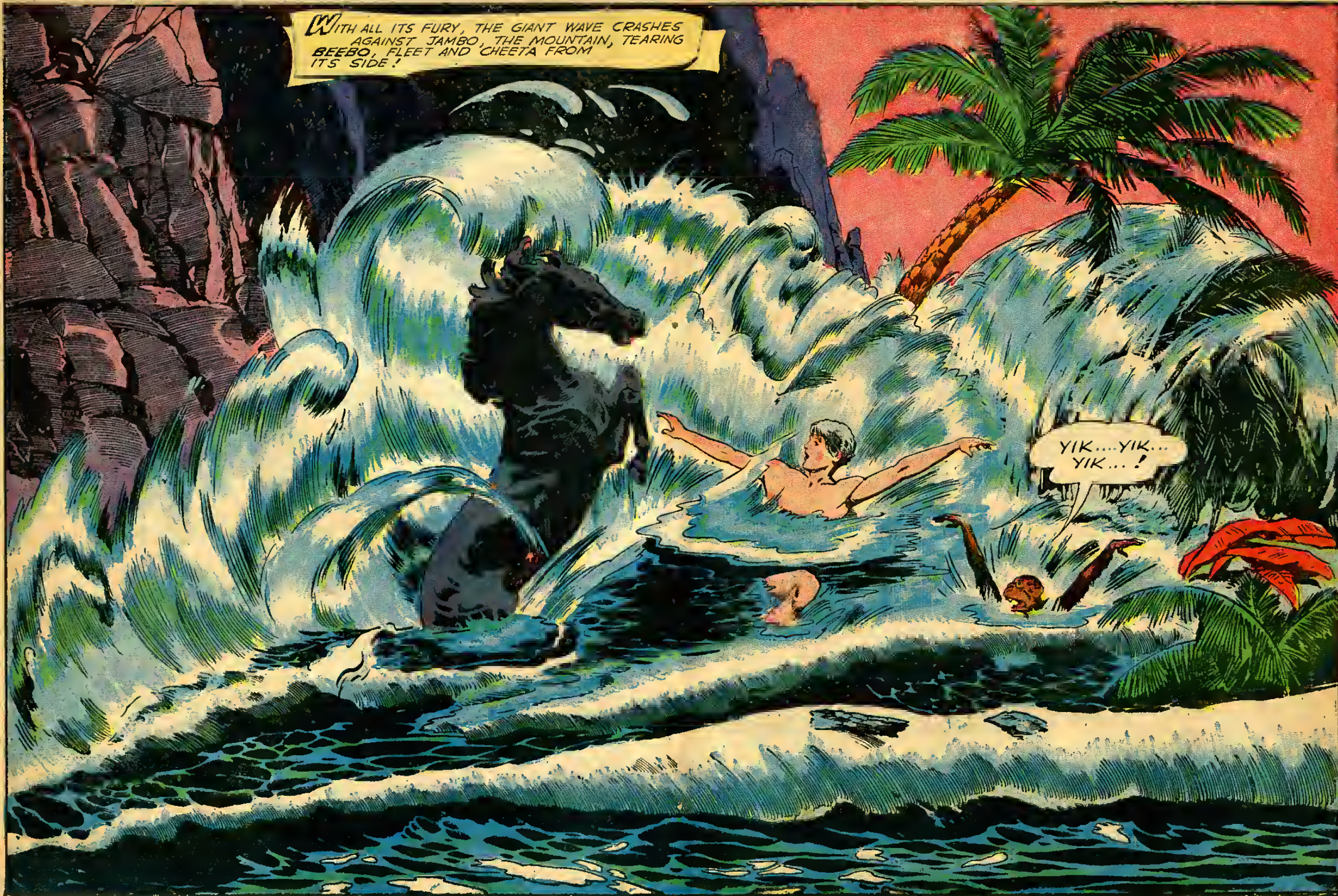
The sheik bared his own arm, shot the precious contents of the needle into the bulging blue vein.

It was in the first gray streakings of the dawn that Pierre Beauchamp, of the French secret police, came to the great oasis seeking word of a vagrant Englishman, wanted in Tunis for crimes ranging from bigamy to murder. Desert travelers had brought stories that such a one was living with an Arab tribe at El Golea. There he found the two bodies—that of the wise and benevolent sheik and that of the one he sought, both stiff in death. Lying between them were the vial and the needle.

He awakened the slumbering tribesmen and they told him, wide-eyed with awe, of yesterday's prophecy which had become the tragic truth of this dawning day. And because the desert is dull and monotonous and because their childlike contemplation of the supernatural quality of the double tragedy would lend a mystery and a color to the lives of these simple tribesmen for years to come, he kept to himself the warning he had read upon the vial's label:

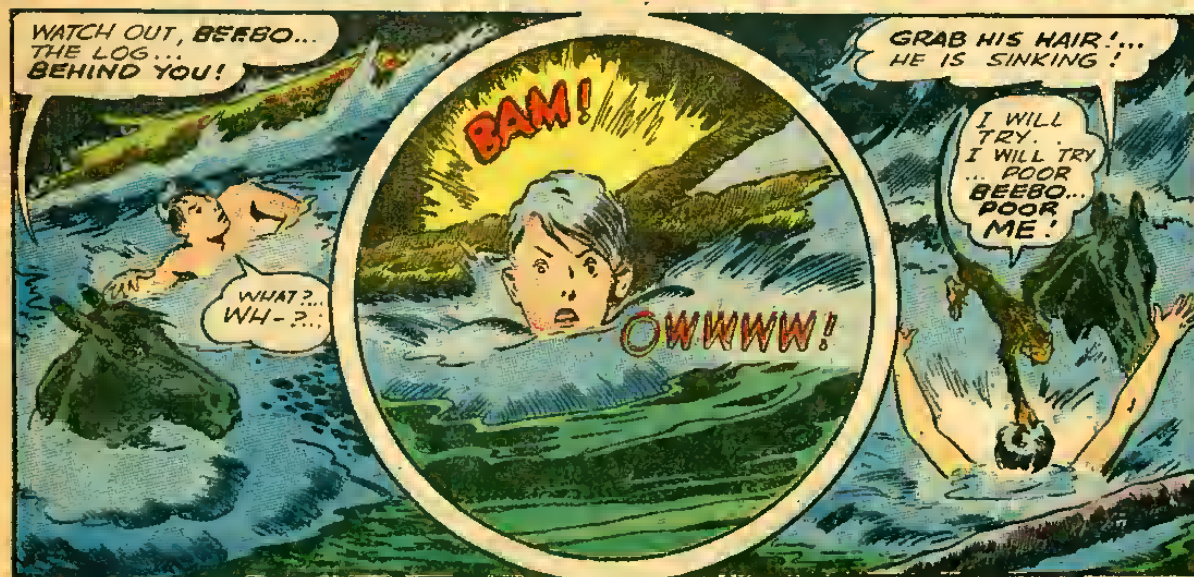
—while it is an effective antitoxin in bites of the cobra, asp, or naja haje, it is, too, a deadly poison itself when used, *unless* cobric acid (venom) has actually been injected into the bloodstream. So, if a single reptile strikes two victims within the space of twelve hours, use serum only upon the first person so stricken, for reptiles of this family empty their poison sac the first time they strike and thus inject no venom into the bloodstream of the second person stricken.

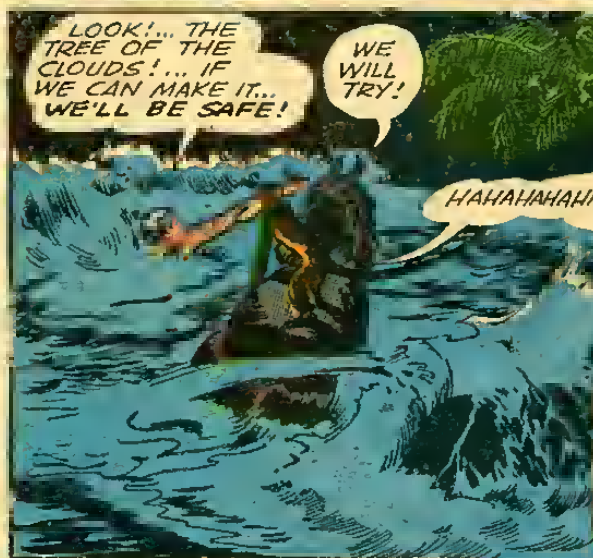
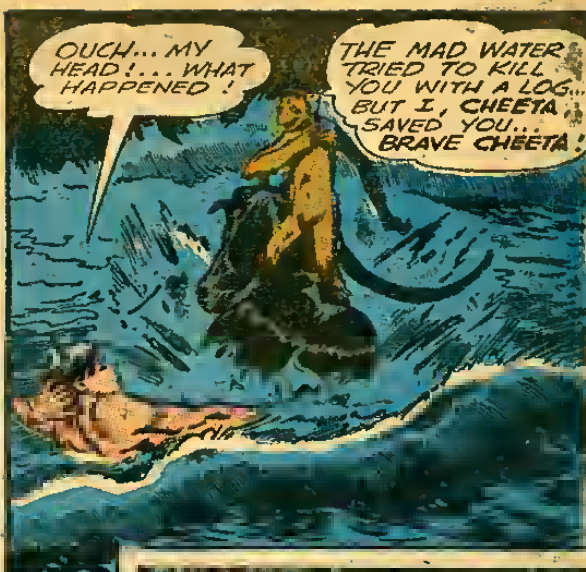
WITH ALL ITS FURY, THE GIANT WAVE CRASHES AGAINST JAMBO, THE MOUNTAIN, TEARING BEEBO, FLEET AND CHEETA FROM ITS SIDE!

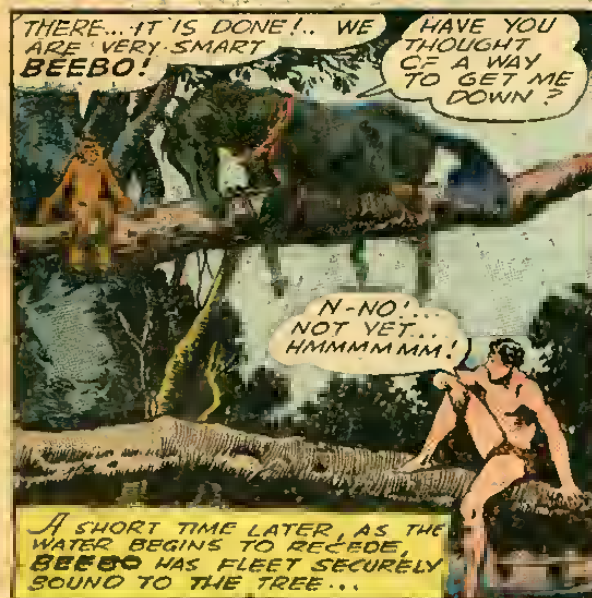
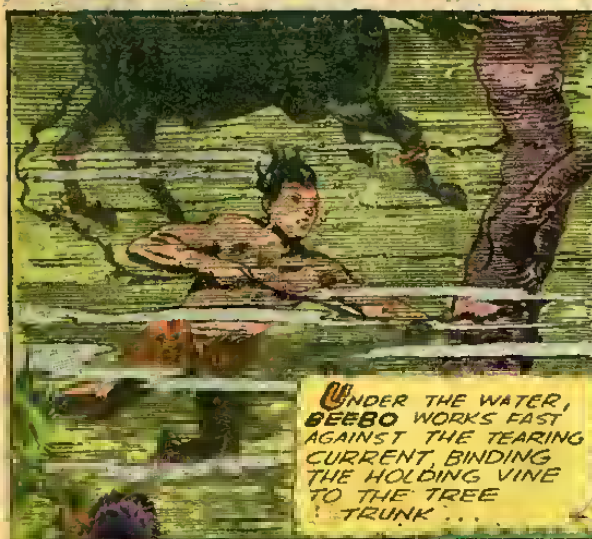


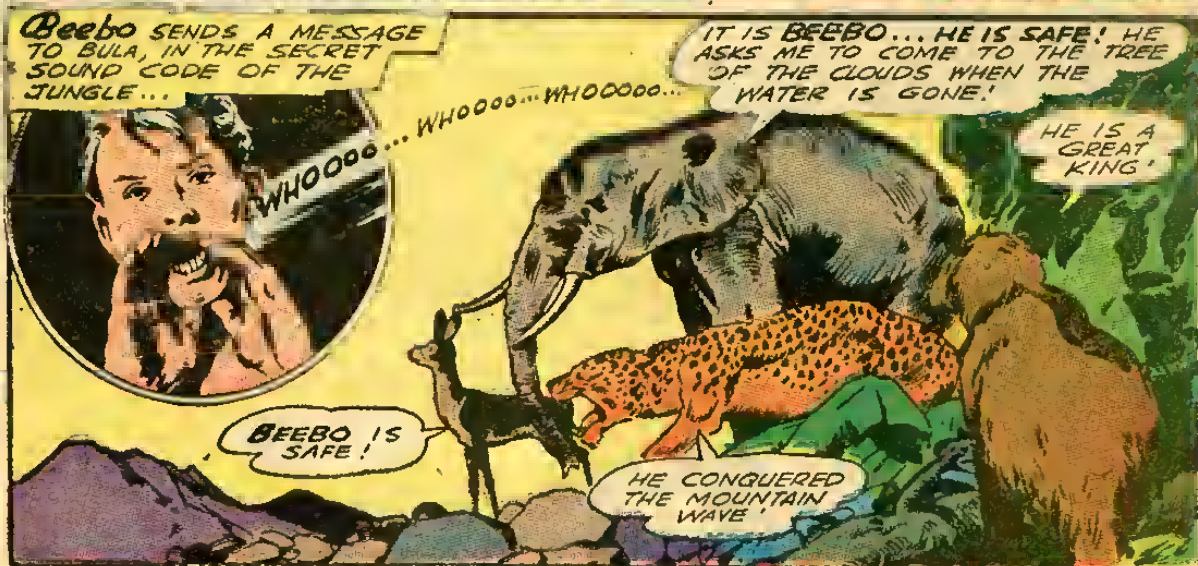
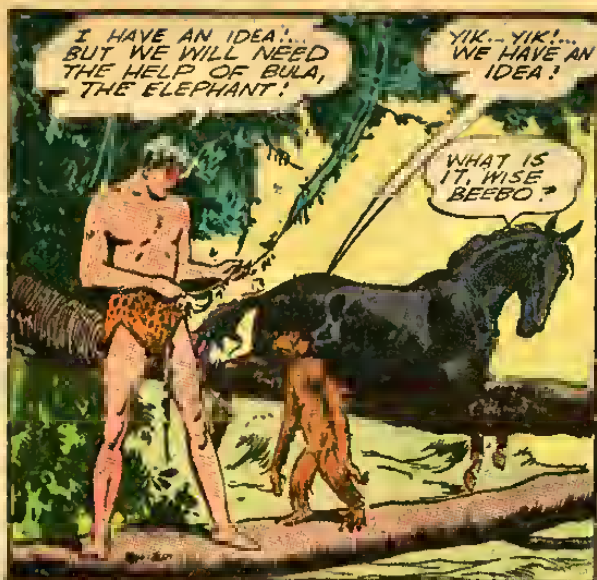
HES
RING



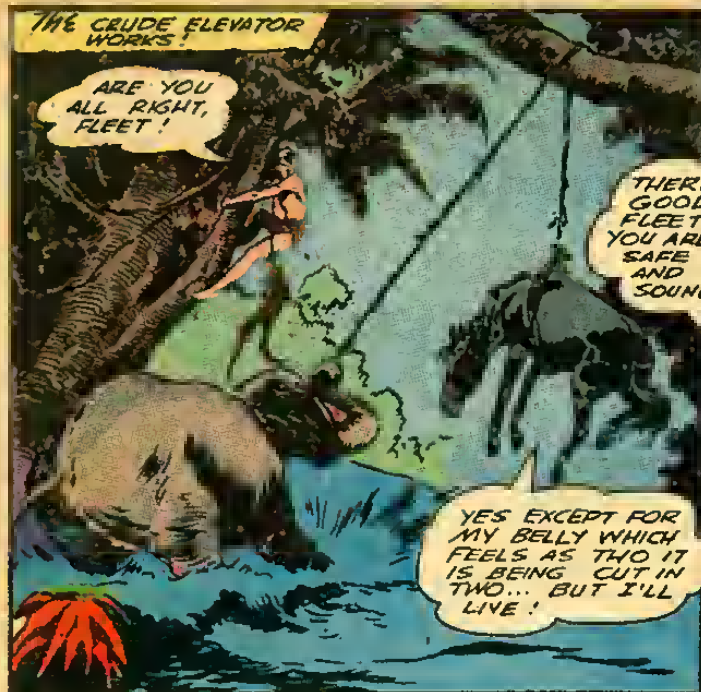








THE CRUDE ELEVATOR WORKS!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, FLEET!

THERE GOOD FLEET!... YOU ARE SAFE AND SOUND!

YES EXCEPT FOR MY BELLY WHICH FEELS AS THO IT IS BEING CUT IN TWO... BUT I'LL LIVE!



CORRECTION, BEEBO!... SAFE BUT NOT SOUND!... OHHHH, MY BELLY!

LOOK!... THE TREE OF THE CLOUDS IS THE HIGHEST POINT OF JUNGLE ISLE. IT IS THE PLACE I CAN SEE EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON. ATOP IT I SHALL BUILD A LOOKOUT.

A WISE IDEA, BEEBO!

BUT IT IS THE HOME OF SCRAWK, THE CONDOR... HE WILL BE ANGRY!



TREADING TERRAFIRMA, FLEET IS AT LAST OUT OF DEATH'S REACH...



SCRAWK CAN LIVE THERE TOO - IF HE REFUSES, I WILL TEACH HIM TO OBEY HIS KING!



ON THE TREE TOP, BEEBO ENCOUNTERS SCRAWK

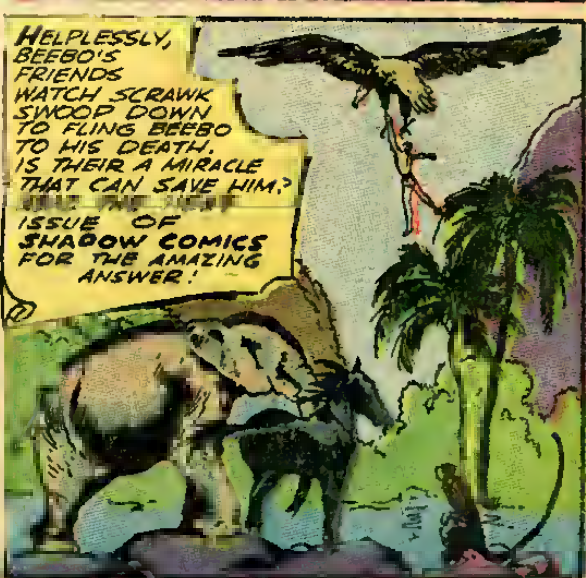
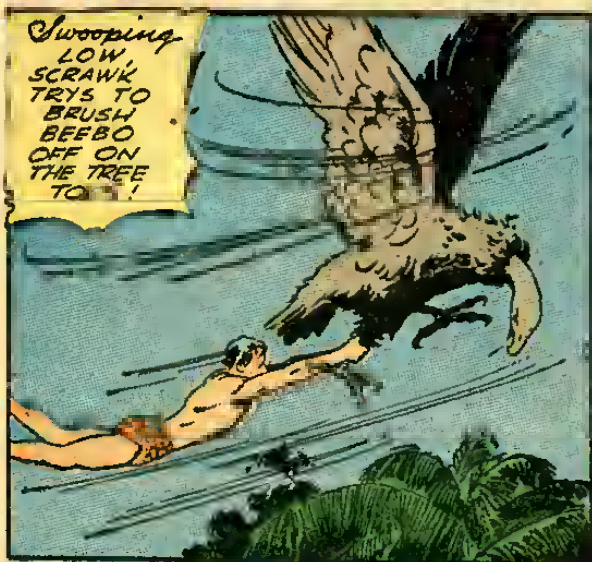
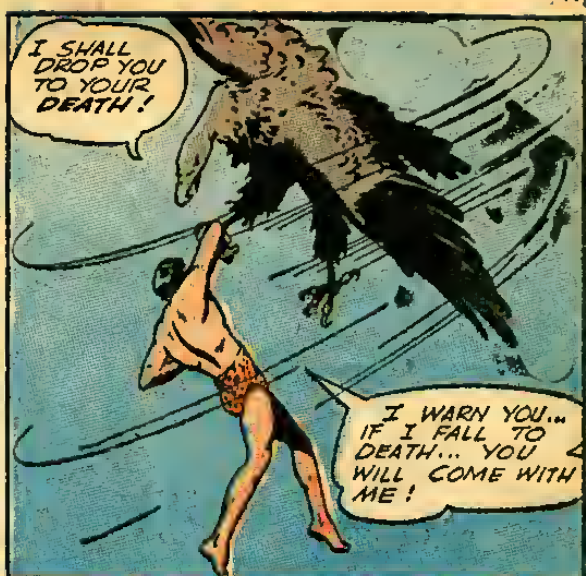
RETURN TO THE GROUND WHERE YOU BELONG, EARTH-CREATURE! THIS IS SCRAWK'S HOME AND YOU ARE NOT WELCOME!

AS KING OF THE JUNGLE ISLE, I REQUEST THE USE OF YOUR NEST AS A LOOKOUT!



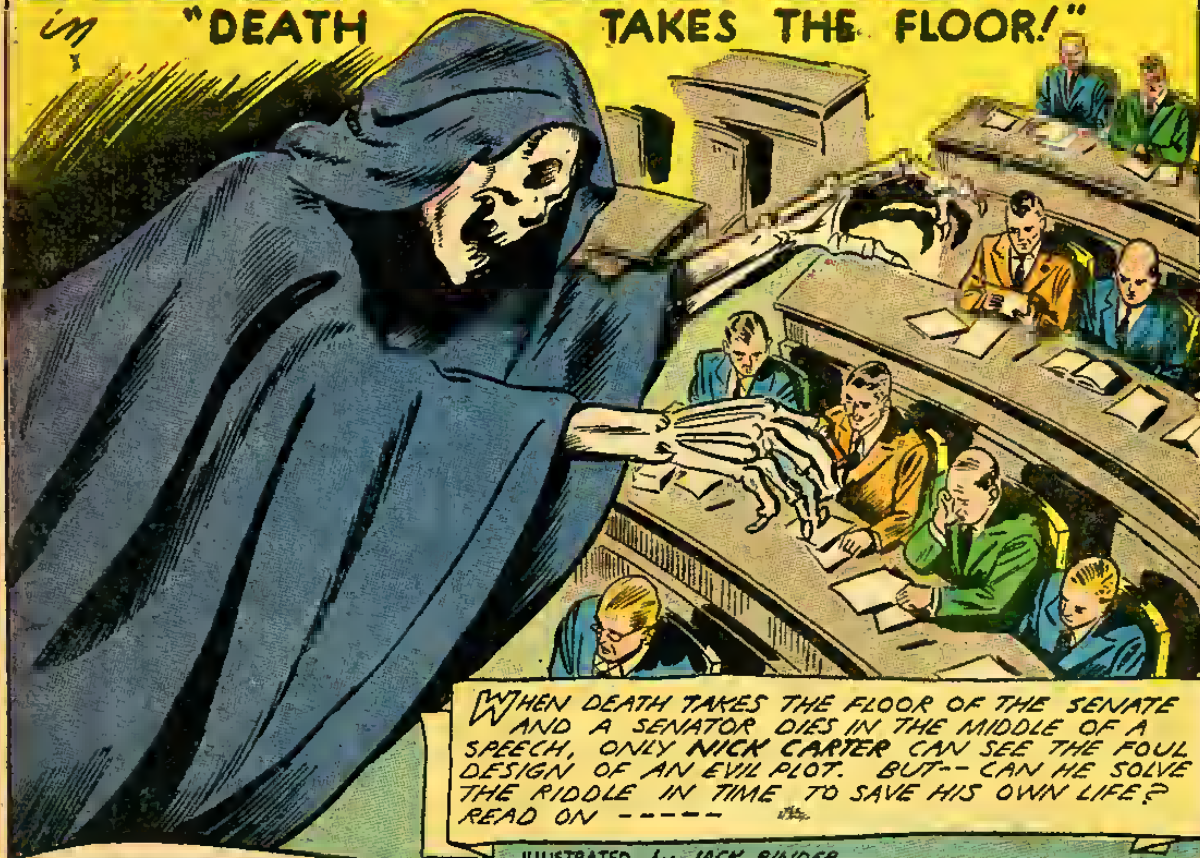
SINCE YOU WILL NOT GO PEACEFULLY... I WILL THROW YOU OUT!

STOP!... OR YOU'LL TASTE THE DEATH STING OF MY FANG!



NICK CARTER

in "DEATH TAKES THE FLOOR!"



WHEN DEATH TAKES THE FLOOR OF THE SENATE AND A SENATOR DIES IN THE MIDDLE OF A SPEECH, ONLY NICK CARTER CAN SEE THE FOUL DESIGN OF AN EVIL PLOT. BUT-- CAN HE SOLVE THE RIDDLE IN TIME TO SAVE HIS OWN LIFE? READ ON -----

ILLUSTRATED by JACK BINDER

GOOD MAN -- THAT SENATOR CLAUD. MAKES ONE FEEL PROUD TO SEE THE MACHINERY OF OUR GOVERNMENT AT WORK. DOESN'T IT, CHICK?

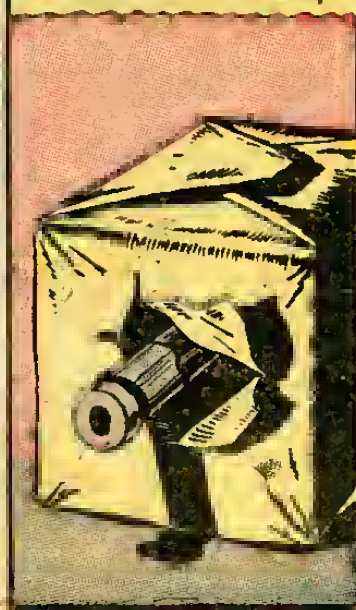
BOY-- I'LL SAY!

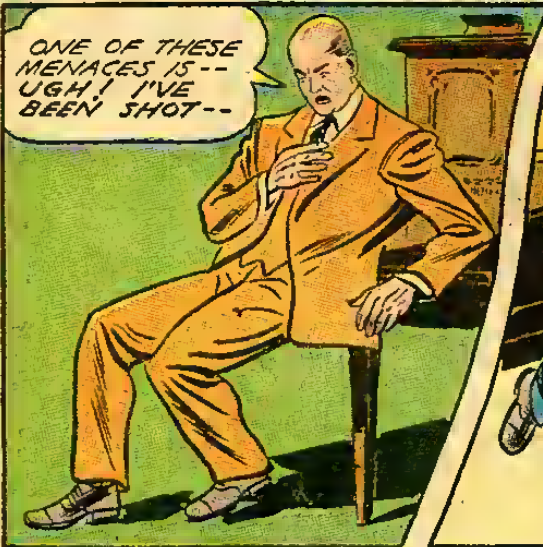
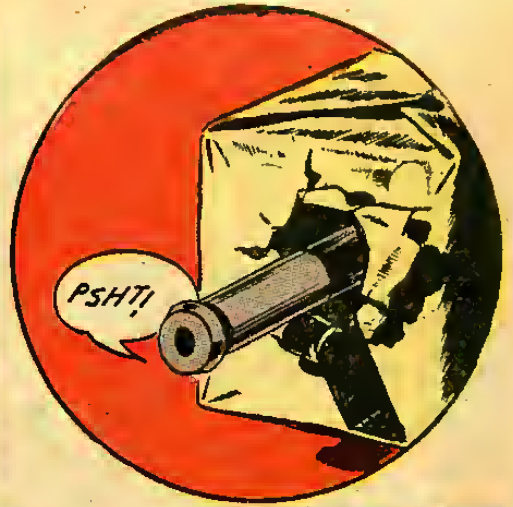
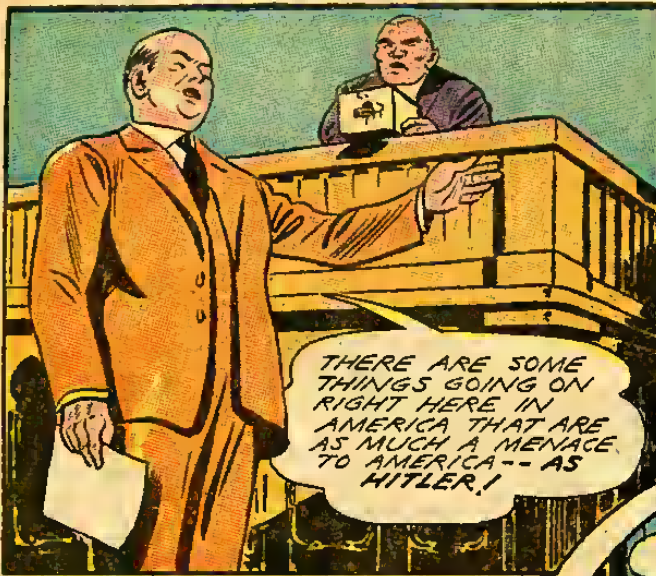


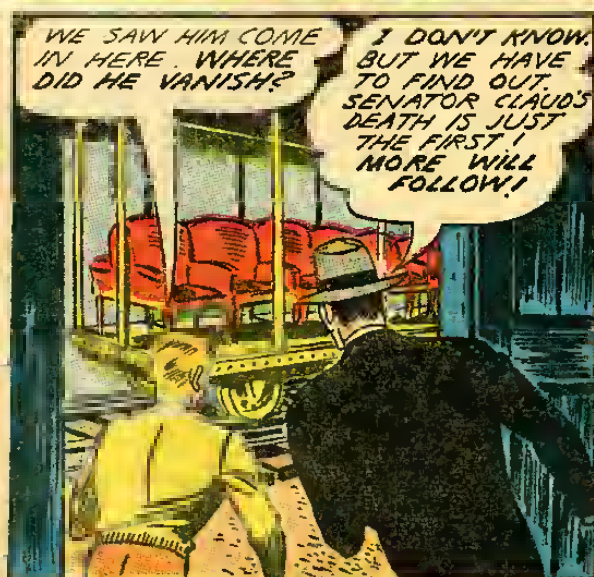
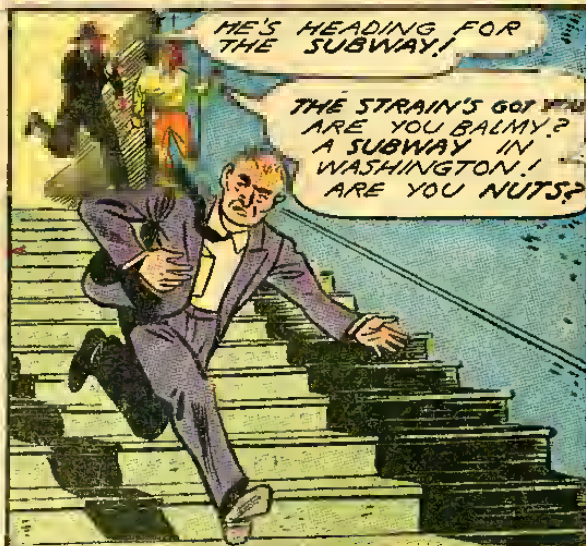
NEAR NICK CARTER SITS A MAN -- A MAN WITH A PACKAGE!

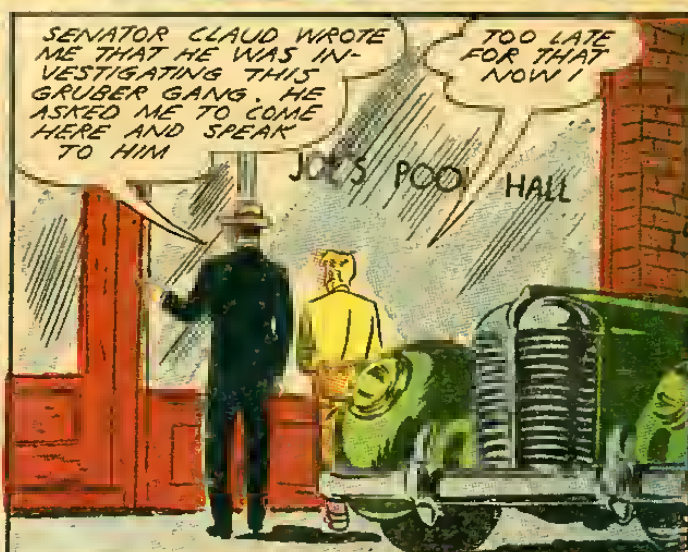
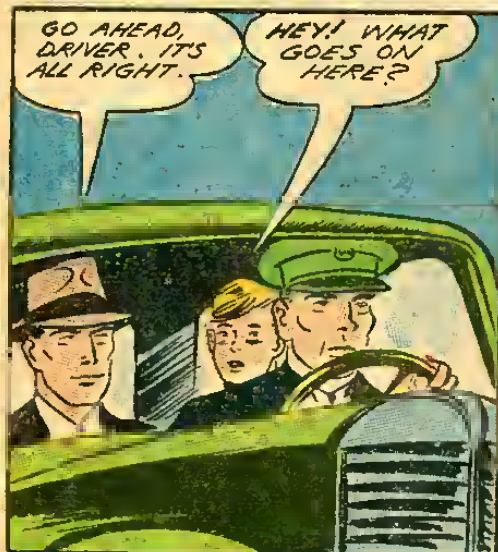


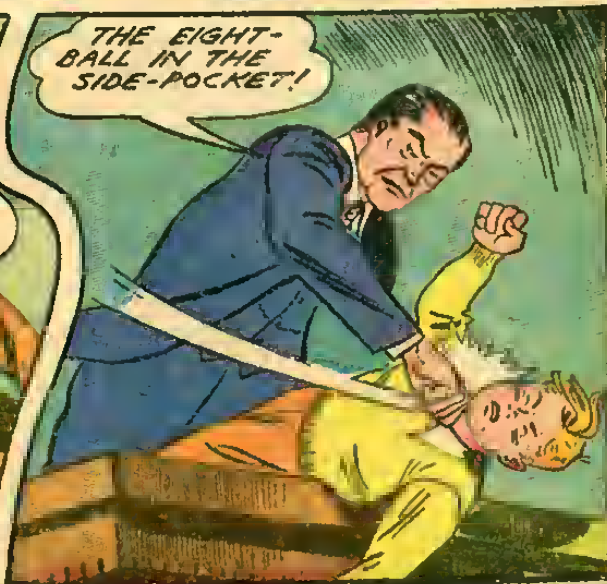
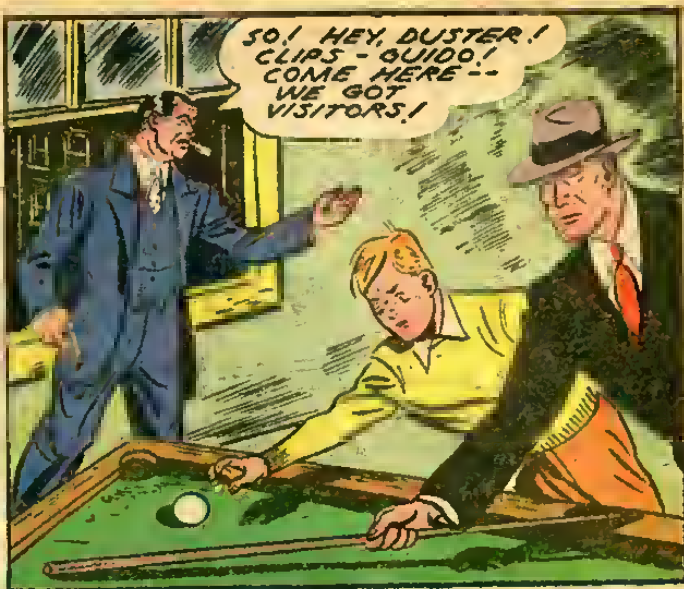
LOOK AT THE FRONT OF THE PACKAGE!

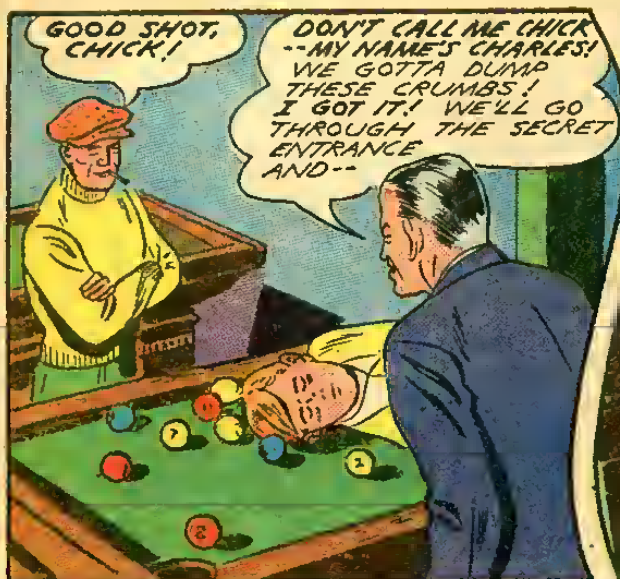






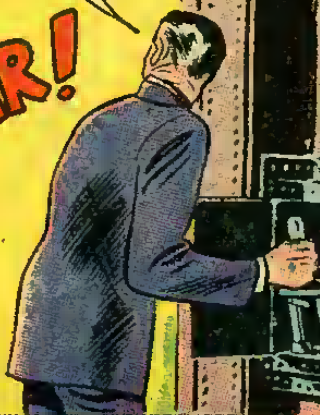






HERE COMES THE TRAIN! LIGHTS OUT!
EXIT MR. CARTER AND
HIS NOSEY ASSISTANT!

ROAR!



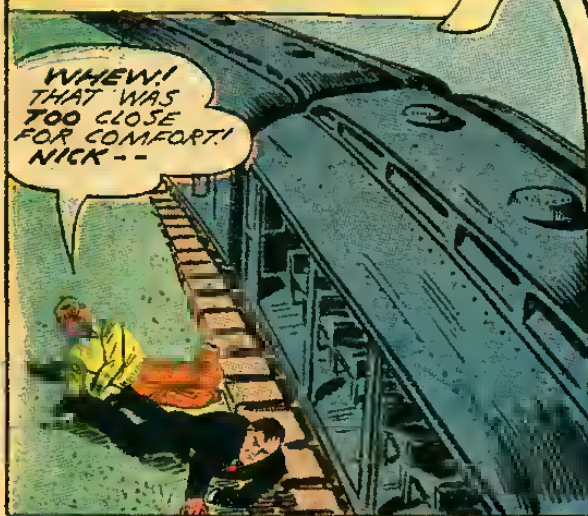
IN THE SUBWAY -- CHICK
COMES TO -- ALL IS BLACK!

ROAR!

NICK--WAKE UP!
THE TRAIN--IT'S
ALMOST HERE!
OH, NICK--
ROLL OFF THE
TRACK--
HURRY!

THE TRAIN PASSES -- THE
LIGHTS GO BACK ON.

WHEW!
THAT WAS
TOO CLOSE
FOR COMFORT!
NICK--



I CAME TO JUST
AS THEY LEFT.
THEY HAVE A
SECRET TUNNEL
HERE! THE
BOSS IS CALLED
CHICK! WHERE
DOES HE GET
OFF USING
MY NAME!

HE HAS GOT A
NERVE, HASN'T
HE? BUT IT'S
ALL RIGHT.
THAT'LL BE
THE LAST
PIECE OF
EVIDENCE
WE NEED!



CAN WE
HITCH A
RIDE?

WHAT GOES ON HERE?
A BLACK-OUT
UNDERGROUND
AND NOW
HITCHHIKERS!

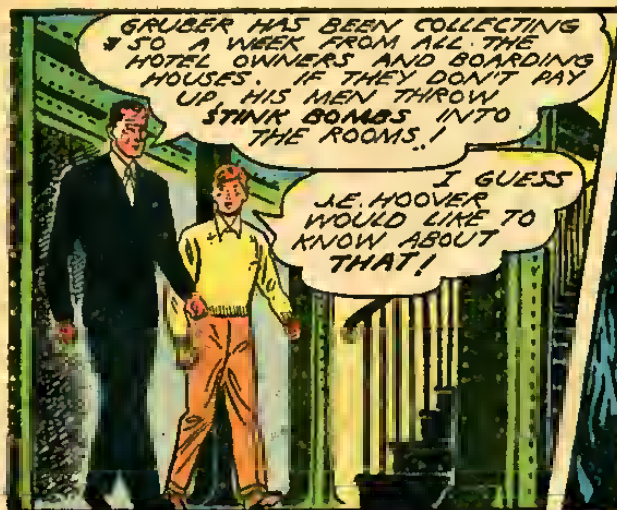
WHAT'S THE
SENATE
COMING
TO?



I THINK WE CAN CLAMP DOWN
ON MR GRUBER NOW! SENATOR
CLAUD WROTE ME THAT GRUBER
HAS BEEN USING THE CROWDED
CONDITION OF WASHINGTON FOR
A NEW RACKET!

WHAT KIND
OF A
RACKET?





GRUBER HAS BEEN COLLECTING \$50 A WEEK FROM ALL THE HOTEL OWNERS AND BOARDING HOUSES. IF THEY DON'T PAY UP, HIS MEN THROW STINK BOMBS INTO THE ROOMS!

I GUESS J.E. HOOVER WOULD LIKE TO KNOW ABOUT THAT!



GLAD TO MEET YOU. I'M BAFLED BY THIS MURDER OF SENATOR CLAUD. HIS DYING WORDS NAME HITLER AS THE KILLER, BUT I CAN'T FIND ANY EVIDENCE OF NAZIS IN THE CASE! AND I CAN'T FIND OUT HOW THE KILLER ESCAPED FROM THE SENATE!

TELL HIM, NICK!

NICK CARTER DESCRIBES GRUBER'S RACKET AND THE SECRET TUNNEL TO THE SUBWAY.



SENATOR CLAUD FOUND OUT ABOUT GRUBER'S RACKET. JUST AS HE STARTED TO TELL ABOUT IT, HE WAS SHOT!

I SEE. \$50 --

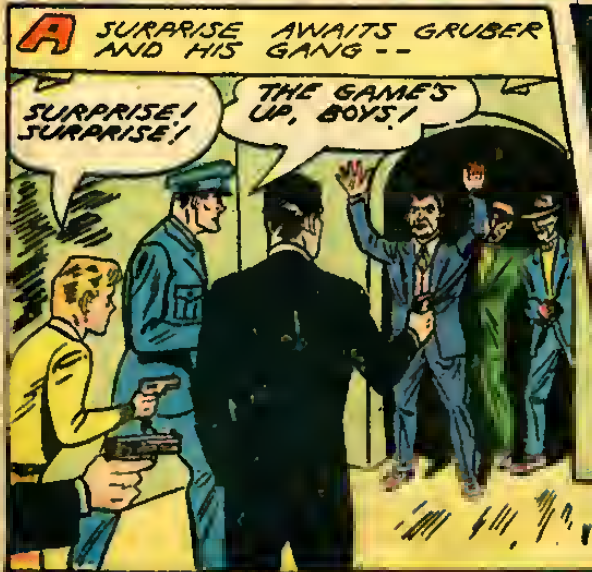
MULTIPLY THAT BY ALL THE HOTELS IN WASHINGTON, AND YOU HAVE A ... I'LL GET SOME OF MY MEN...



AT GRUBER'S POOL ROOM --

THE FEDS ARE HERE! THE JOINTS SURROUNDED!

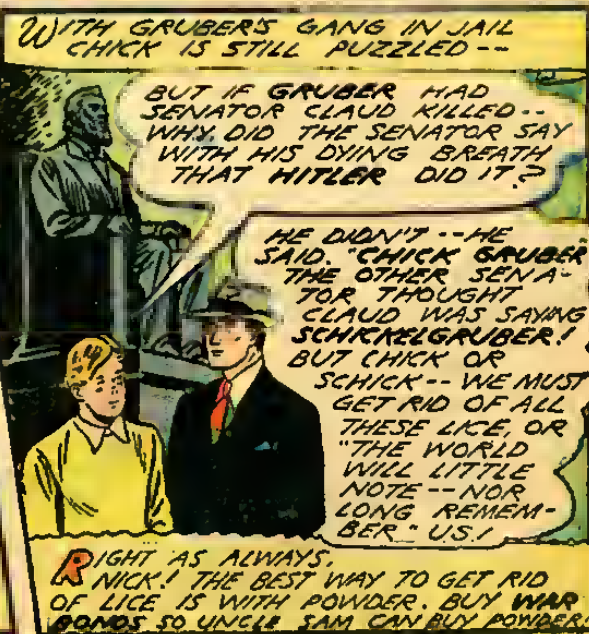
RELAX -- WE CAN BEAT IT THROUGH THE TUNNEL IN THE SUBWAY!



A SURPRISE AWAITS GRUBER AND HIS GANG --

SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

THE GAME'S UP, BOYS!



WITH GRUBER'S GANG IN JAIL CHICK IS STILL PUZZLED --

BUT IF GRUBER HAD KILLED SENATOR CLAUD -- WHY DID THE SENATOR SAY WITH HIS DYING BREATH THAT HITLER DID IT?

HE DIDN'T -- HE SAID, "CHICK GRUBER THE OTHER SENATOR THOUGHT CLAUD WAS SAYING SCHICKELGRUBER! BUT CHICK OR SCHICK -- WE MUST GET RID OF ALL THESE LICE, OR 'THE WORLD WILL LITTLE NOTE -- NOR LONG REMEMBER' US!"

RIGHT AS ALWAYS. NICK! THE BEST WAY TO GET RID OF LICE IS WITH POWDER. BUY WAR BONDS SO UNCLE SAM CAN BUY POWDER!

The HOODED WASP

in
"THE
MISER'S
GHOST"

ILLUSTRATED BY J. BINDER

THE LURE OF GOLD TO SOME BECOMES A PASSION STRONGER THAN FAMILY LOVE. THE STRANGE, HORRIBLE CASE OF MISER PRATER IS ONE OF THE GHOSTLIEST OF THE HOODED WASP'S CAREER.....



THE WARM SPRING AIR INSPIRES WASP AND WASPLET TO TAKE AN EARLY VACATION. WITH THEM IS BABE...

OKAY. OKAY, BABE WE'RE SORRY. LET'S FORGET IT!

I HOPE TAKING YOU ON OUR VACATION HAS SOOTHED YOUR TEMPER OVER THE "AFFAIR CYCLOPS," BABE!

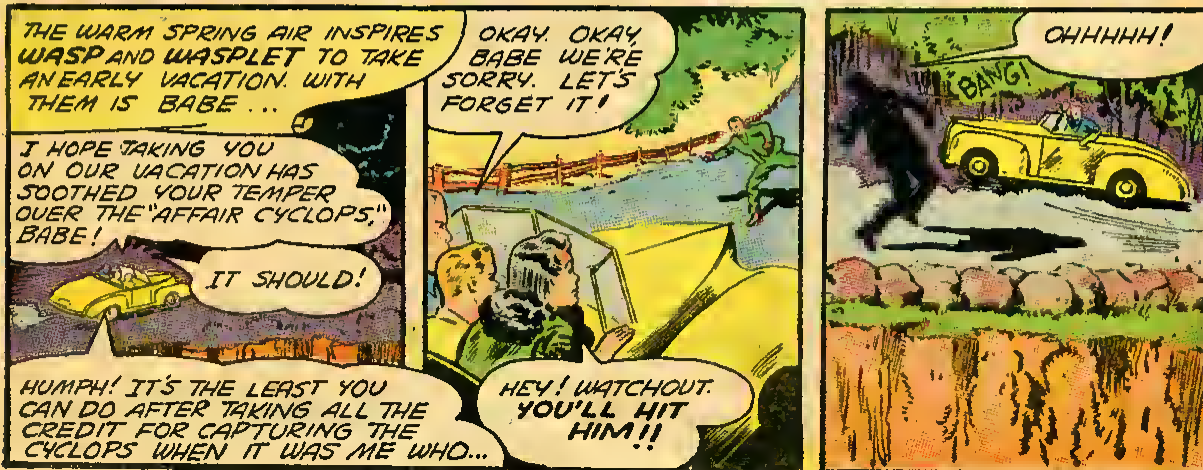
IT SHOULD!

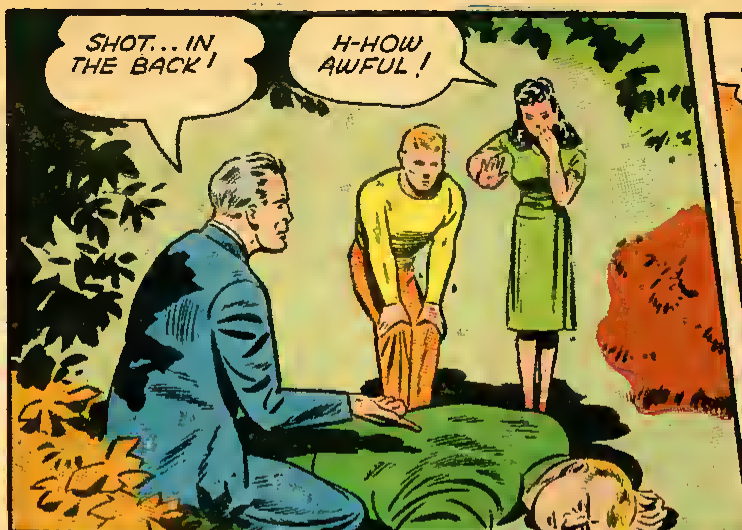
HUMPH! IT'S THE LEAST YOU CAN DO AFTER TAKING ALL THE CREDIT FOR CAPTURING THE CYCLOPS WHEN IT WAS ME WHO...

HEY! WATCHOUT. YOU'LL HIT HIM!!

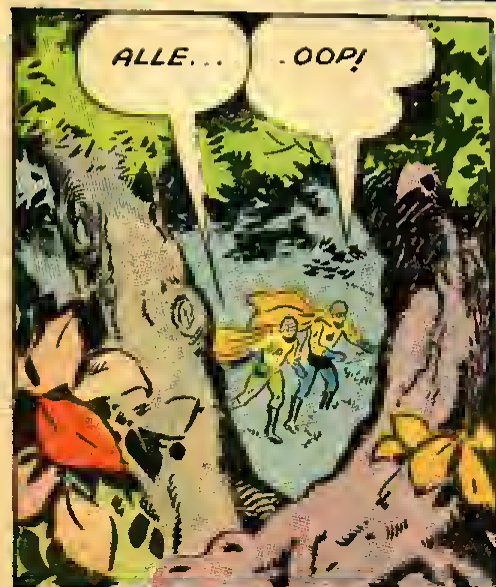
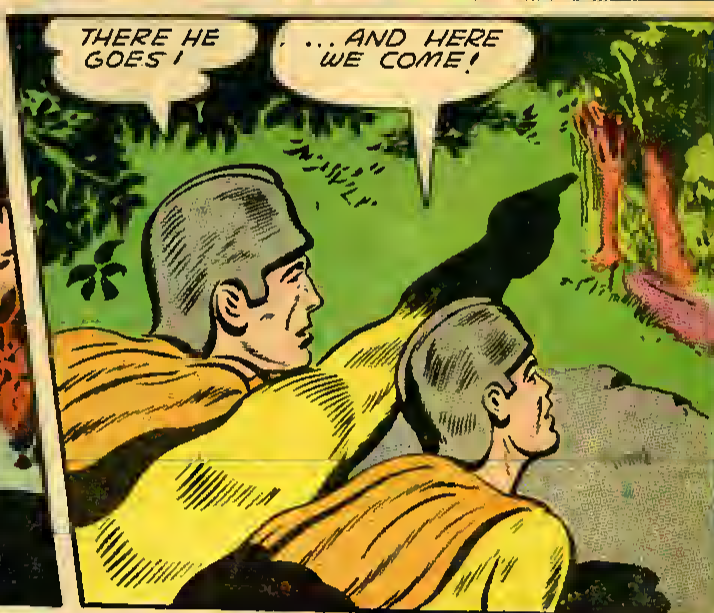
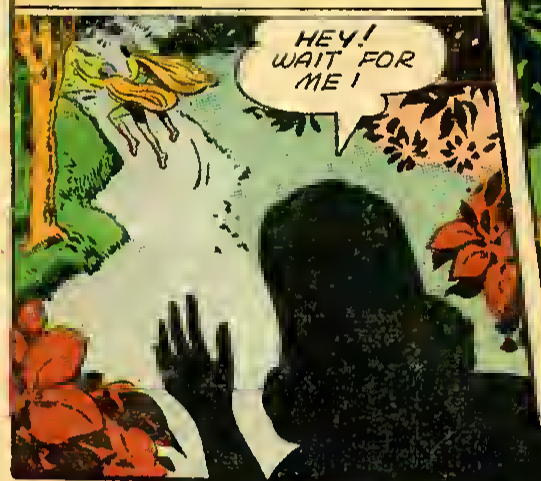
OHHHHH!

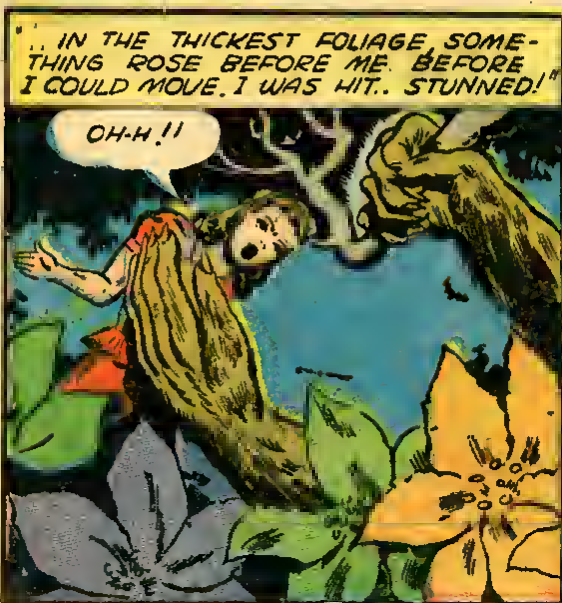
BANG!

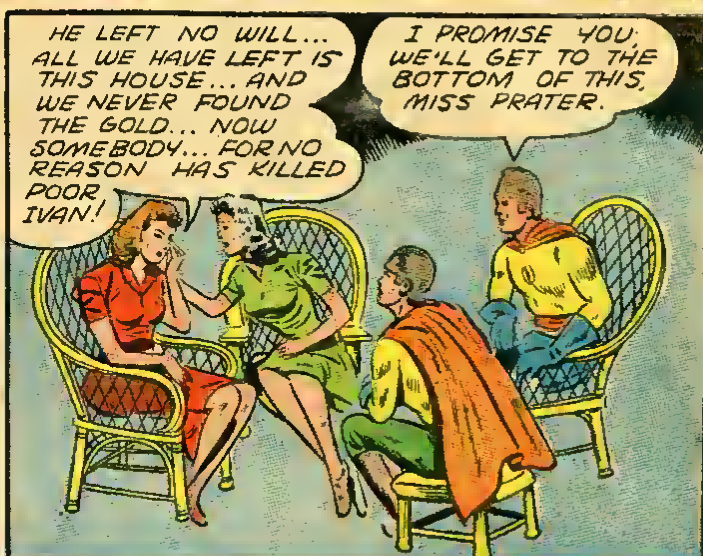
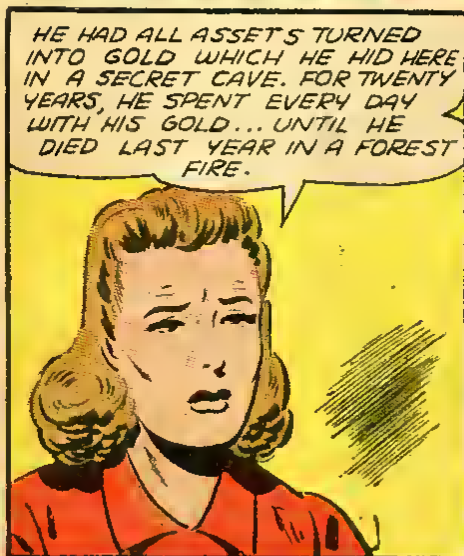
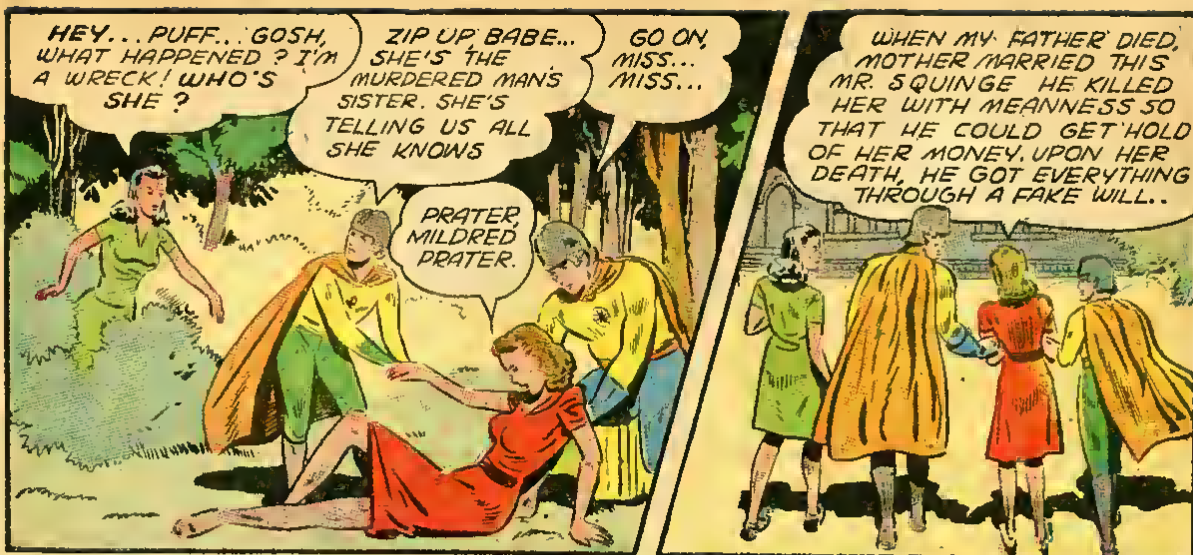




SWITCHING TO THEIR ACTION CLOTHES, WASP AND WASPLET SPEED UP THE HILL LIKE HUMAN-FLIES!







LEAVING MILDRED PRATER IN BABE'S CARE, WASP AND WASPLET ENTER THE FOREST TO SEARCH FOR CLUES..

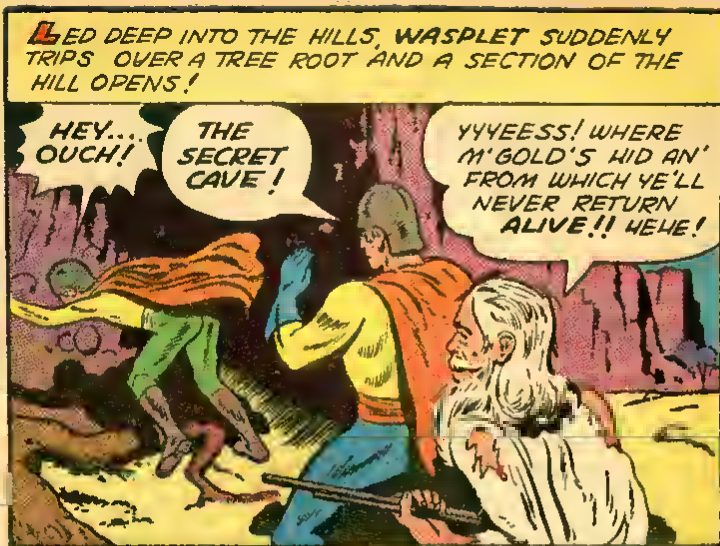




SHALL WE
TAKE HIM,
WASP?

JEST TRY AND
YE'LL BE SO FULL
OF LEAD YE'LL
BREAK THROUGH
YER COFFIN... HEHE!

WE'RE
YOUR PRISON-
ERS, SQUINGE.
LEAD ON...



HEY...
OUCH!

THE
SECRET
CAVE!

YEEESS! WHERE
M' GOLD'S HID AN'
FROM WHICH YE'LL
NEVER RETURN
ALIVE!! HEHE!



AS THE SECTION
SWINGS BACK, A
GIANT GORILLA
GLARES DOWN
AT THEM!

MEET YOUR KILLER!
HEHE... NUMBER ONE
GUARDIAN OF MY
LOVELY
GOLD!

YI!



TAKE-SQUINGE--
I'LL TANGLE
WITH THE GORILLA!

DON'T
TANGLE
TOO LONG
OR I WON'T
FIND NOTHIN'
TO
UNTANGLE!



WASPLET MAKES
THE FIRST MOVE!

STOP OR
I'LL---

BANG!

WHOOOPS...
MISSED! HIGH
ON THE
OUTSIDE!...
NOW IT'S
MY TURN!



YEESSS! YOUR
TURN TO DIE!

Owwwww!!

MEANTIME, THE HOODED WASP GOES INTO ACTION!

THIS OUGHT TO
"ROCK" YOU TO
SLEEP!

RRROOARR!



GRRRR!!!

YOU MAKE NOISES
LIKE A BAD CASE
OF INDIGESTION!



I'D SAY YOU
NEED A MANICURE
AND A HAIRCUT!



BUT I'VE ONLY
GOT TIME TO
BEAT YOUR
BRAINS OUT!



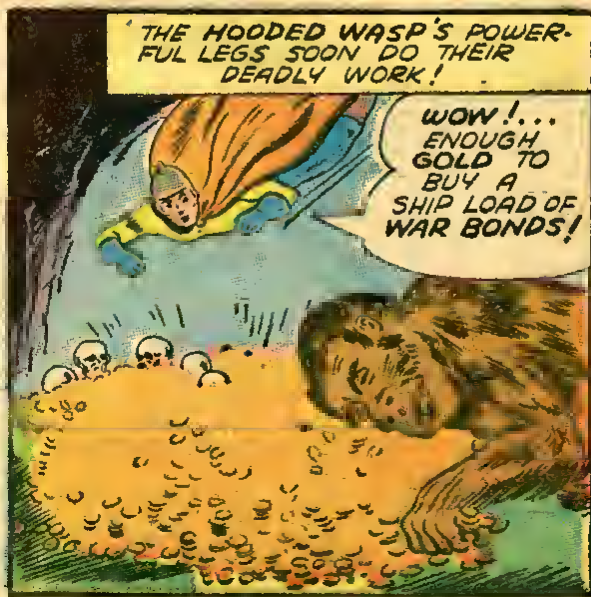
IF I'M SQUEEZING
TOO HARD... DON'T
MIND IT. I'M JUST
TRYING TO
SUFFOCATE YOU
TO DEATH!

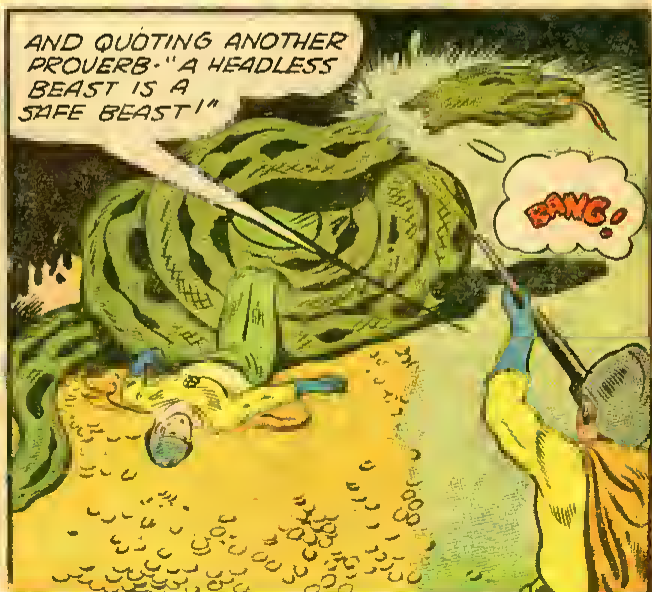
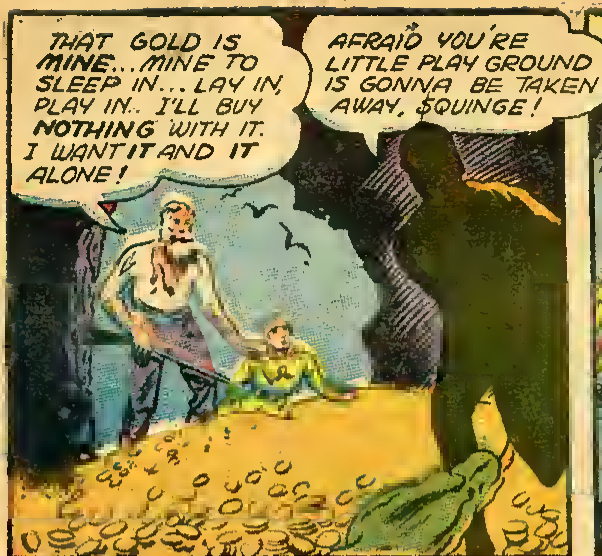
GRRR..
UMMPH!
GRRRR!

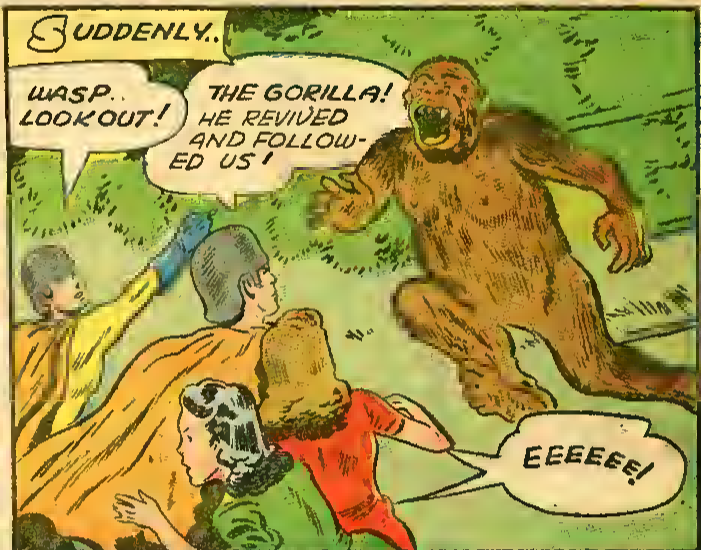
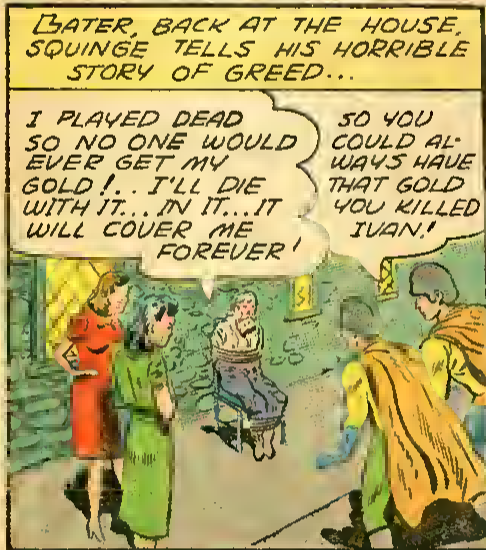
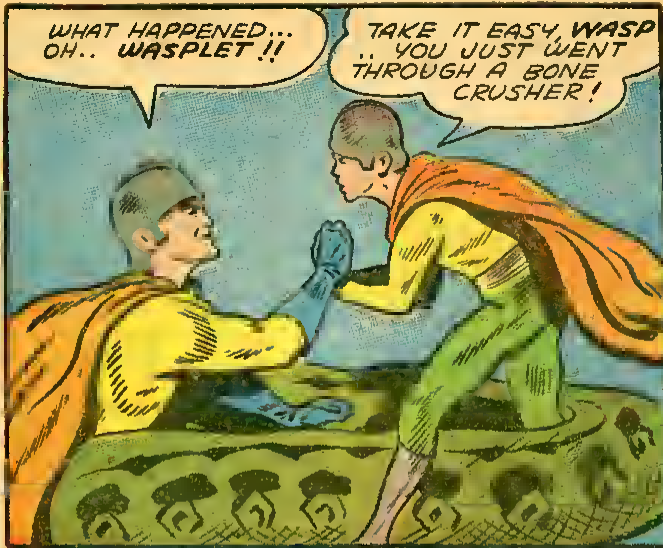


THE HOODED WASP'S POWER-
FUL LEGS SOON DO THEIR
DEADLY WORK!

WOW!...
ENOUGH
GOLD TO
BUY A
SHIP LOAD OF
WAR BONDS!









STORY BY MAXWELL GRANT
ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BINDER

IT'S INCREDIBLE,
CRANSTON! WEALTHY
PEOPLE HAVE BEEN
GATHERING THEIR
MONEY, JEWELS,
EVERYTHING --

AND THEN
DISAP-
PEARING,
FOR
KEEPS!

I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN
LEARN ABOUT IT,
COMMISSIONER.

IT SOUNDS AS
THOUGH DOCTOR
MOCQUINO, THE
VOODOO MASTER,
HAS RETURNED AND
IS OPERATING ON A
BIG SCALE,
MARGO!

I'LL CALL SOME OF
THE DOPES WHO BE-
LIEVE IN THAT STUFF,
AND SEE WHAT
THEY KNOW,
LAMONT!





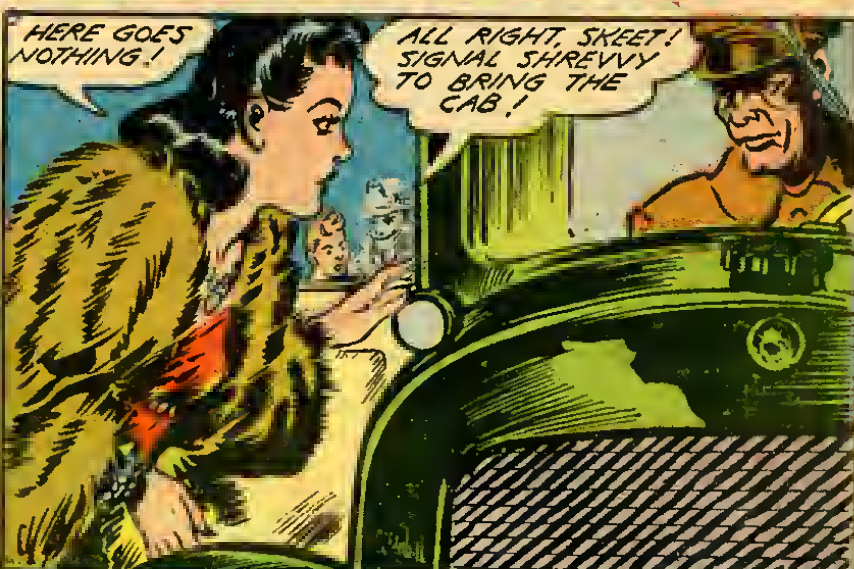
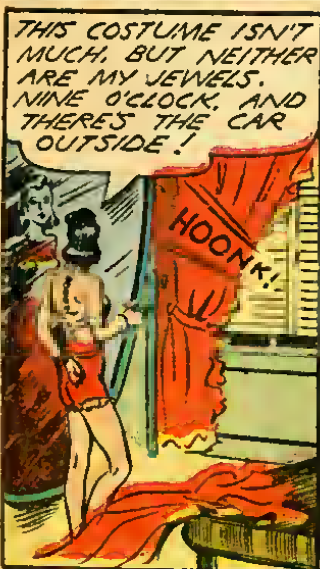
OF COURSE YOU CAN COME TO THE VODOO MEETING! BUT BE SURE TO BRING ALL YOUR JEWELS, MARGO!



PACKAGE FOR MISS LANE.



I'LL BE ON HAND, MARGO



ALL RIGHT, SKEET! SIGNAL SHREVVY TO BRING THE CAB!

Send for my 50c Course on how to develop

STRONG Arms and Shoulders

Now only 40c coin or 50c U. S. Stamps

Contains 20 pages of illustrations showing and fully describing exercises that will quickly develop and make you gain strength in your Shoulders, Arms, Wrists, Hands and Fingers. This is really a valuable course of exercises without apparatus.

Individual instruction at my Physical Culture Studio, for Health and Strength

ANTHONY BARKER

1235—6th Ave. Office 93 (Established 1896) New York City

WHAT'S UP, CHIEF? IS MARGO GETTING INITIATED INTO A LODGE?

SHE WILL BE SOON, SKEET-- AND WHAT A LODGE!

ONLY
50c

WHY THE WINDOWS OF THIS CAR ARE PAINTED BLACK, AND THE DOOR IS LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE!

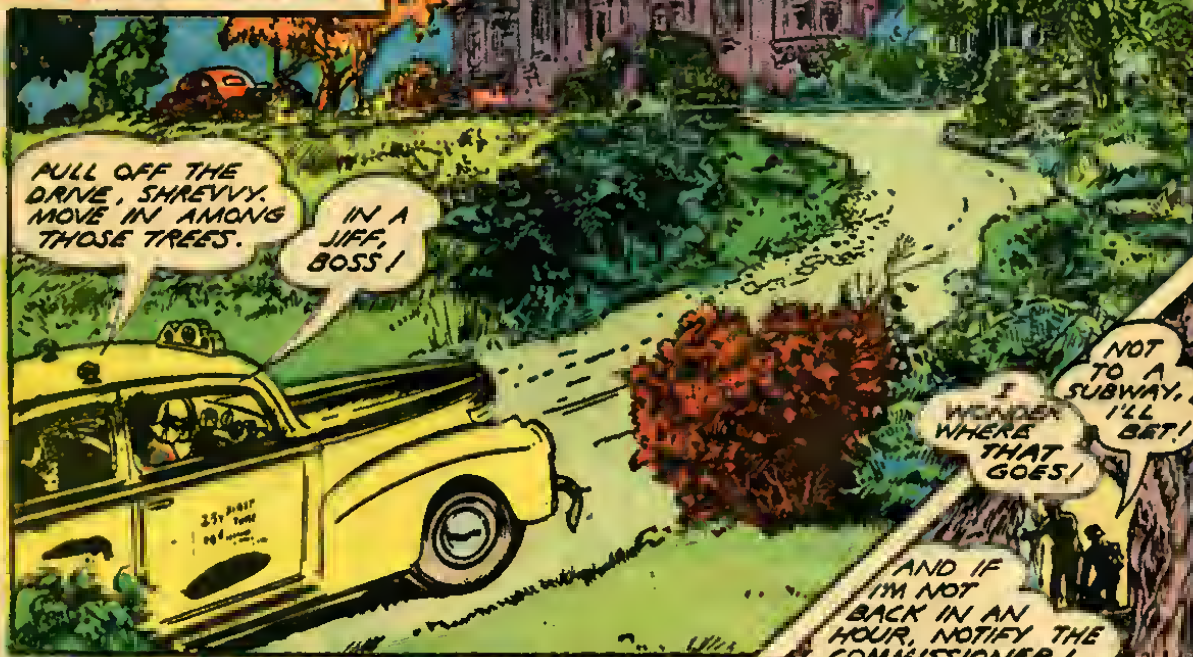


THE WEIRD TRAIL ENDS AT AN OLD, DESERTED MANSION, NEAR THE NORTHERN TIP OF MANHATTAN ISLAND, A FORGOTTEN RELIC OF NEW YORK!



PULL OFF THE DRIVE, SHREVVY. MOVE IN AMONG THOSE TREES.

IN A JIFF, BOSS!



NOT TO A SUBWAY, I'LL BET!

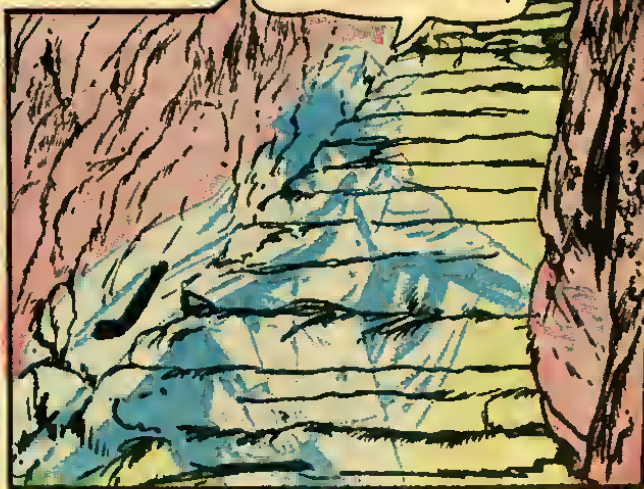
I WONDER WHERE THAT GOES!

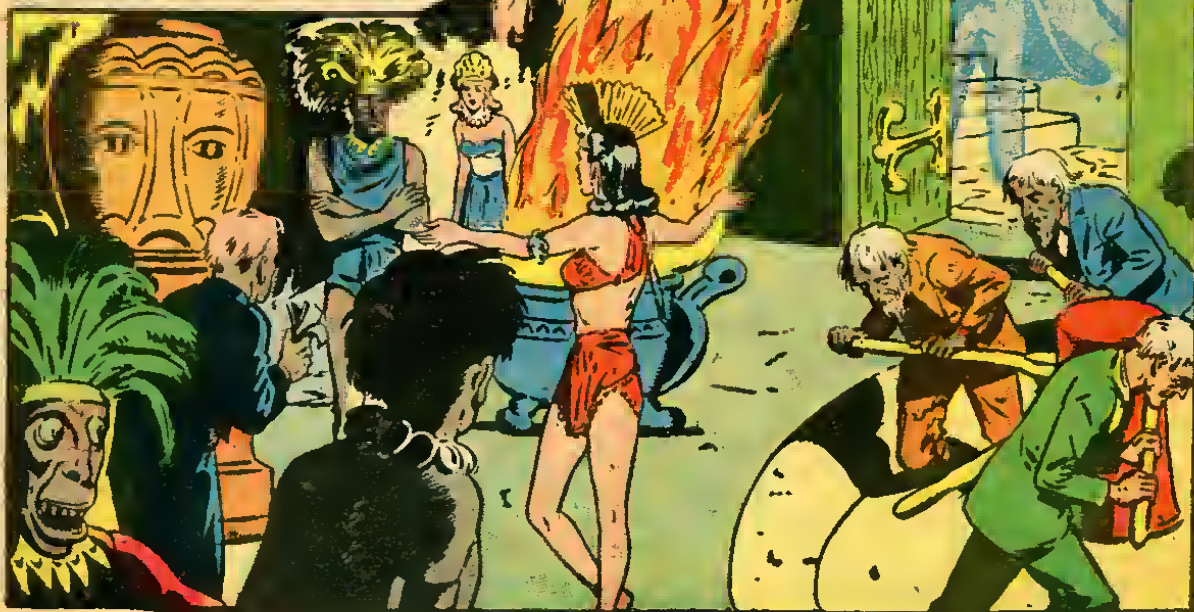
AND IF I'M NOT BACK IN AN HOUR, NOTIFY THE COMMISSIONER!

YOU TWO SCOUT AROUND, BUT DON'T GET OUT OF EACH OTHER'S SIGHT!

THAT GOES DOUBLE, CHIEF!

I'LL SAY WE WON'T, BOSS!













1000.00
IN CASH AWARDS

In addition to your regular prize
WIN CASH or U.S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS
Mail Coupon TODAY

HURRY! HURRY!

SELL SEEDS FOR VICTORY GARDENS

GET YOUR PRIZE!



NEW CANDID-TYPE CAMERA—easy to operate. Given for selling only one order of American Seeds.



"TAKE ME ALONG"—Girl's Overnight Cam. Dozens of uses. Minor lid. Sell only one order.



WRIST WATCHES for boys, girls, men and women. Given for selling only one order, plus 75c extra.



BASKET BALL SET given for selling only one order of American Seeds.



Given for selling only one order. Sent express collect—**SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED.**



A DELUXE FISHING OUTFIT—rod, reel, line and hooks complete. Given for selling only one order. American Seeds, plus \$5c extra.



COMPLETE CROQUET SET for 4 players. Mallets, balls, wickets and under all given for selling only one order American Seeds.



GIRLS! You'll love this **FULL SIZE TOILET AND MANICURE SET.** Given for selling only one order.



The Genuine Gene Autry Guitar will delight you. Given for selling only one order. **PLUS \$3.00 extra.**



PEPPERELL BLANKET Genuine Pepperell "Warmwave" Blanket for selling only one order.



VICTORY LIGHT. Easily carried flashlight with three lenses—RED for warning, WHITE for regular use, BLUE for blackouts. Complete with batteries. Sell one order.



CHEMISTRY SET. Famous "Chemcraft" Set for interesting home experiments. Sell only one order of American Seeds.



VICTORY WATCH & FOR HANDSOME MODERN Pocket Watch. Sell only one order of American Seeds.



GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given **WITHOUT COST** for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the biggest prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds for Victory Gardens—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. **GET BUSY**—send coupon today for free prize book and seeds.

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Send No Money—We Trust You

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THE "VICTORY BADGE" WE SEND YOU, HELPS YOU TO SELL SEEDS

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 904, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send the **BIG PRIZE BOOK** and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

R. F. D. Box or Street No. _____

City _____

State _____

MAIL COUPON TODAY!